[illegible] SIXTEENTH

LONDONIAD

(COMPLETE IN ITSELF)

GIVING A [illegible] DESCRIPTION OF THOSE

PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS,

IN THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND,

WHICH ARE THE [illegible] FOR CANADA, ETC.,

BEING THE CONTINUATION OF [illegible] UNIVERSITY

GREAT PRIZE [illegible] THE ARTS,

ALSO CONTAINING [illegible]

CELEBRATED [illegible]

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM [illegible] CANADA,

[illegible]

National Poem on the Arts.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

OF TORQUAY, DEVON, LATE OF TORONTO [illegible] UPPER CANADA,

Author of the "Conquest of Canada," [illegible] "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological [illegible] of Canada," "The Elysium of Art," "Books of Science," [illegible] of the Poets," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," &c. &c. &c.

"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

PRINTED FOR AND BY THE AUTHOR, SELMA IN MORVEN, AND PUBLISHED BY HIM IN LONDON, (ENG.)

1871.

(*Entered at Stationer's Hall.*)

THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.

PR

G

IN

B

OF T

A
D
S
"

PRIN

THE THIRD SIXTEENTH

LONDONIAD

(COMPLETE IN ITSELF):

GIVING A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THOSE

PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS,

IN THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND,

WHICH ARE THE MOST SUITABLE FOR CANADA, ETC.,

BEING THE CONTINUATION OF AN UNIVERSITY

GREAT PRIZE POEM ON THE ARTS,

ALSO CONTAINING PIECES ON SOME OF THE MOST

CELEBRATED PERSONAGES

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND IN CANADA,

FORMING ALTOGETHER EPISODES IN A GRAND

National Poem on the Arts.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

OF TORQUAY, DEVON, LATE OF TORONTO AND OTTAWA, UPPER CANADA,

Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior," "The Elysium of Art," "Limbo of Science," "Men of the Time," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," &c. &c. &c.

"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

PRINTED FOR AND BY THE AUTHOR, SELMA IN MORVEN, AND PUBLISHED BY HIM IN LONDON, (ENG.)

1871.

(*Entered at Stationer's Hall.*)

THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.

4680

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Adams, John	90
Adams & King, Messrs.	79
Albert, Prince	4
Alderman Aston	97
Alescandre, 2nd King	4
Anti-Emigration Poem	94
Argyll, Duke of	101
Arundell & Co.	61
Atkins, late Winfield	16
Barron, W. J. & Sons	50
Bavaria, Louis King of	6
Battle of Life	97
Bell, William	81
Bell, Mr., M.P.	99
Bemrose & Sons	25
Bentley, Richard	17, 109
Bessemer, Henry	111
Bevis, Henry	46
Black, Adam	8
Bolding, John & Son	64
Boss, I. A.	55
Boston, Mayor & Corporation of	98
Boulton, W. H., M.P.	74
Bowes, Mayor	74
Bright, John, & Richard Cobden	16. 59
British Museum, J. Winter Jones	100
Brown, George (Globe)	80
Brown, Sir John	111
Bryan, Brothers & Co.	37
Bush, Alderman	75
Cameron, Hon. M. C.	11
Campbell, satire upon "Plain John"	79
Canada's Address to France	99
Canada, 1000 Personages and Addresses in	65-6-7-8-9
Canada, Agricultural Implements	104
Canada, Upper, Manufacturing Towns in	87
Canada, Arms described	60
Canada, Confederacy	30
Canada, Lower, M.P.'s	7
Canada, Upper, M.P.'s	7
Canada, Farewell to	70
Oration, An	69
Canterbury, the late Archbishop	76
Canterbury, Archbishop of	14
Canton, Robert	27
Caron, Hon. Rene F.	75
Capreol, Mr.	2
Carter, Alderman	105
Carden, Alderman Sir W.	99
Carrara Marble Works	34
Canada Invasion	74
Cassell, Louis P.	86
Chambers, Wm. & Robert	78
Chandler, Congressman & Dr.	98
Charley, S.	53
Chippewa	56
Clinton, Hon. Judge	76
Coleridge, Right Hon.	79
Collier, Sir R. P.	79
Coulson, William & Sons	53
Craustoun, Mr.	104
Crenevirem, Head Sachem	4
Curtis's & Harvey	105
Dale, Rev.	19
Davis, President	6
De Joinville, Prince	5
Denmark	5
Derbishire, Stewart Esq.	75
Derrin, D. & A.	58
Dick, Capt., Queen's Hotel	17
Dickens, Charles	29
Dorrington, Alfred R. & Co.	29
Doyle, Chas. A.	18
Dudley, Earl	111
Duke, Sir James	76
Earl of Harrowby	73
Earl Granville	69, 111
Empress, The	101
Emperor, The	101
Englishmen, to, on "The Crisis"	104
Erie, Lake, storm upon	56

PAGE
Europe, the Upheaval of . 99
Eyre, Frederick . . . 52
Fellows, E. & Co. . . 52
Foley, J. H. . . . 13
Fordham, Thos. George . 47
Fox, Frontenac . . . 36
France, the Song of Victory for 99
Frodsham, Charles . . 104
Note on Factory News . 100
Gaffin, Messrs. . . . 34
Galt, Sir A. T. . . 6, 10
Gardiner, Ex-Governor . 98
Gladstone, Mr. . . . 15
Glenny, George . . . 21
Gordon, Captain . . 17
Grabham, T. . . . 40
Grant, A. H. . . . 19
Granville, Earl. . . 111
Greece, Otho, King of . 6
Grey, Colonel . . . 76
Groombridge & Sons . . 23
Gurnett, Mayor . . . 74
Gush & Ferguson . . 11
Hampton, Charles . . 36
Hanover, King of . . 6
Hanover, Queen of . . 91
Harding, James . . 42
Harper, John, King & Co. 41
Harrowby, Earl of . . 73
Hassall, Dr. . . . 69
Hartley, F. W. . . . 57
Hayward, Richard Edward 83
Hilton, Anderson & Co. . 51
Hill, Alderman . . . 75
Hilliard, Hon. George S. . 49
Hincks, Sir Francis . 10, 13
Hogg, James & Son . . 17
Holts, S. 42
Houlston & Sons . . 20
Howe, Hon. Joseph . . 6
Howland, Lieut. Governor 6
Hubbard, Alderman . . 75
Huntley & Palmers . . 85
Hurst & Son . . . 48
Impromptu (Political) . 100
Jackson, Prebendary . . 19
Jacques & Hay . . . 47

PAGE
Jones, J. Winter . . 100
Kelly, Alderman (dec.) . 23
Kelly, Exchequer . . 78
Kingston, Marble Bust for 10
Kingston, Note on . . 83
Konquawis Sagamore . 4
Land-Reclamation Poem . 94
Lankester, Dr. . . . 69
Latchford, Benjamin . . 43
Laveillet, Dupont Chevalier 77
Lawrence, Sir James Clarke 16
Lawson, Sir Wilfred . 73
Layard, Statue for Mr. . 14
Lee, George Frederick . 20
Leslie, Hon. James . . 75
Lewis, Sir George Cornewall 78
Lewistown 56
Library, New Colonial . 6
Lichfield, Earl of . . 111
Lidstone, J. T. S. . 62-3
Lidstone, Joseph . . 76
Literature against Kelly . 78
Londoniad, Critiques upon 78
Londoniad, Names which have appeared in . . 112
Longmans & Co. . . 107
Lord Bishop of Toronto . 1
Lowe, Mr. 80
Lynch, Archbishop . . 72
McCaul, Rev. President 4, 26
Macdonald, Sir John, A letter from . 6, 9, 100
Macdonald, Hon. J. S. 6, 10
McDougall, Red River 13
McGee, Hon. Thos. D'Arcy 11
McKay, Alderman . . 75
Macintosh, William . . 22
Maize, Origin of . . 77
Malloch, Judge, Edward, & Master 83
Matiawabiaa Sigonah . . 4
Mayor, the Lord . . 16
Mills & Borthwick . . 60
Moore, Joseph . . . 98
Mother, To my . . . 92
Moxon, Mr. . . . 8
Murray 8

PAGE
Neutrality à la Mode . 103
Newell, Thomas F. . . 28
North-West Territory . 14
Nova Scotia, M.P.'s . . 7
New Brunswick M.P.'s . 7
New York & Boston (contrasted) 76
Oronhyatekha, Dr. . . 76
Ottawa, Ship Canals for . 2
Palmer, Sir Roundell . 93
Park, Alderman . . . 7
Prince, Pierre . . . 5
Perrin, Captain . . . 58
Peterborough . . . 55
Pierce, Alderman . . 75
Pigott, Sir G. (Baron) . 78
Pilkington, Brothers . . 88
Pound, John & Co. . . 54
Pratt, Hodgson, Esq. . . 12
Prince, Colonel . . . 90
Printers & Printing . . 77
Printers, from my English 79
Prussia 5
Punch, Clown and Buffoon, Jackall Hood . . 98
Pym, Member . . . 61
Ramsay, G. H. . . . 45
Reward, One Hundred Guineas . . . 100
Richard Cobden and John Delane 98
Richards, M. . . . 91
Richardson, Jonathan . 53
Roberts, Alderman . . 75
Robinson, Sir J. B. . . 4
Robinson, Sir J. L. . . 11
Ross, Hon. John . . 13
Russia & Prussia . . 5
Ryan, Hon. Thomas . . 6
St. Helens Company . . 88
Salmon, Ody & Co. . . 33
Salmond, John . . . 88
Salomons, Ald. Sir David . 79
Sandford, Archdeacon . 76
"Saturday Review," Satire upon the . . . 97

PAGE
Schienk & Ongers . . 42
Seal, Dominion, the New . 98
Sherwood, Alderman . 13
Sherwood, Hon. Henry . 74
Sherwood, Hon. Judge . 11
Smith, Sir John . . 59
Snelling, Brothers . . 82
Song of Gratitude . . 93
Suttaby, R. & A. . . 24
Swartz, Alderman . . 75
Ta-pa-ta-mee Queen . . 3
Tavernir, Mr. . . . 32
Tegg, Deputy . . . 8
Thunder made Visible ! . 97
Tiffany, Alderman . . 75
Tilley, Hon. Mr. . . 6
Tillotson, John . . . 18
Trevelyan, Sir W. C. . 73
Tomlin, Rendell & Co. . 84
Toronto (Manufacturers, &c. in) 102
Toronto, Marble Bust at . 4
Toronto, Three Statues for 89
Torquay, to the Inhabitants of 63
Victoria, Queen . . . 3
Wadsworth, Mayor . . 75
Watson, E. Façon . . 31
Wales, Price of . . 4
Wales, Princess of . . 91
Walker, Mr. . . . 105
Walsh, Alderman . . 75
Warning & Prophecy, The . 80
Watkins, Sir Charles and Lady 71
Whichelow . . . 59
Winchester, Bishop of . 11
Winfield, *non est* . . 100
Wiseman, Cardinal . . 76
Wood, William . . . 104
Woollen Patent Cloth Cy. . 39
Wright, Alexander & Co. . 57
Wright, Professor . . 24
Yankees, Satire on . . 98
Yates, Mayor Edwin . 97
Young, Sir John . . 12

PAGE
. 42
. 98
. 13
. 74
. 11
. 59
. 82
. 93
. 24
. 75
. 3
. 32
. 8
. 97
. 75
. 6
. 18
. 73
. 84
. 102
. 4
r 89
s
. 63
. 3
. 75
. 31
. 4
. 91
. 105
. 75
. 80
. 71
. 59
. 11
100
76
104
39
57
24
98
97
12

JOHN, THE FIRST LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO, D.D., LL.D.

"Clarum et venerabile nomen gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi."

The whole earth even in extremest ken
Is but the sepulchre of illustrious men;
Nor is the epitaph, howe'er sublime,
Engraved on tombstones in their native clime;
The sole guardian of their fame, a meed
Of etern glory! marks each lofty deed,
Th' mem'ry of which in other countries forms
A monument that recks nor time nor storms;
More faithful than can human hands impart;
A living record in the human heart.

PERICLES' FUNERAL ORATION.—*Vide Thucyd.* lib. ii. 43. Translated by the Author of the Londoniad.

The Funeral Oration on the beloved Patron of my youth, the greatest Prelate of this or any age, is in type, and would fill about thirty pages of the Londoniad. I will have a very large edition struck off, copyrighted, and cause a copy to be sent to my friends in both hemispheres free of expense. To the Memorial Church I will give a Stained Glass Window, the vetroarchetypalgraphice of which, THE NATIVITY, AND THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, the Great Art Deed *par excellence* of our time, is now on a staircase of my mother's place in London (England).

Let what may come or go, I will strive to publish the Funeral Oration with the next Londoniad, as a Supplement, and all my friends who appear in the present edition will receive a copy free, as, too will all those who have appeared in former Editions. I received so great a number of names for the 16th Londoniad, that I have had already to issue three of that name, and to use very small type beside, because I have bound myself to size and weight, so that each copy might go through the post for one stamp. With the present Londoniad I give several extras, an account of which appears in the body of the work.

THE LONDONIAD.

To the INHABITANTS OF OTTAWA I inscribe the third 16th Londoniad, and desire to draw their special attention to those articles upon the COLONIAL LIBRARY and SHIP-CANALS contained therein. I have a thousand things to say unto them, but I will only repeat, here and now, that which I declared to the nations of the old world through a former Londoniad, and in more languages than one. During the many years that I dwelt in that City of the Cataracts it held in its midst more sound sense and general intelligence, than any other place of equal population in America.

MANY MAY HAVE PASSED AWAY TO OTHER REGIONS AND
STATES OF BEING;
YET WILL I HOPE TO SOUND THEIR NAMES TO OTHER TIMES.
"SOFT BE THEIR REST," SAID UTHA;
"CHILDREN OF
STREAMY LOTHA, I WILL REMEMBER THEM WITH TEARS;
AND MY SECRET SONG SHALL RISE
IN THE GROVES OF
TOR."—OSSIAN.

SHIP-CANAL FOR OTTAWA.

What is the question often asked of me in England? "Is there a sufficiency of water at all seasons of the year in the Upper Ottawa to feed the projected Canal?" Personally I am quite satisfied that there is; but I should like a surveyor's proof thereof to be sent me, and I will then verbally illustrate that which even in itself must be an inspiring theme. Ask me! "Hath the Ottawa enough water for a Ship Canal?" Come with me, if you please, and visit the ever-living giant that goeth with his foamy banners through that enchanted land, that elemental Briareus, marching with his embattled legion of rivers through an hundred realms, strikes his Cataracts to eloquence, and with his 1,500 Voices answers, Yes! I can supply all the canals ever planned, or contemplated, or made from that of Athos, or the Grand of Canaletto di Murano, the *slow canal* going through the *yellow blossomed vale* of Goldsmith to that of later Suez, and, like ocean, never seem the less. Yes! I know thou canst, rebellows the Atlantic, spring of my greatness, centrepetal Aqueduct of a continent, Hyrophylacium of the world. The only fault, if d sturbed in thy empire, would be the realization from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

"'Tis water here, 'tis water there, 'tis water everywhere."

SHIP-CANALS, OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

AN ORATION.

Let no laurel be shorn from the head of Mr. Capreol, the better Hudson of our day, the De Witt Clinton of Canada, an honour to the Land of his birth (England) "there is room enough and to spare," for the two projected routes, the Colonial Governmen t might very well afford to give unto him that which he desires, a piece

of land twice the size of Scotland. But I will throw my ' in with the OTTAWA ROUTE. I, for one, will not consent to ask the Government for any land. I would enter upon the enterprise dominionless, as was the patriarch Abraham before the rise of his race in Canaan, and as were the clan McGregor, after the fall of their chief, who although exclaiming IS RIOGHAL MO DHREAM yet joined their voices in the spirit-stirring war-song, as delivered to us by Sir Walter Scott.

"Landless! landless! landless!"

we would rather say, Here! we have opened up a country for you to govern ("not like the Moon that barren shines") [*Vide* Milton] bear your course of empire on the highway of nations. To the world we would say, Come and settle in a garden,

"Through Eden went a river large."

In regard to the means of accomplishing this miraculous feat and Art triumph the name of Canada will suffice, and I will take care to proclaim, that it is no stock-jobbing adventure, but a great public undertaking. Millions are lying dormant in England for want of business transactions whereby to absorb capital, let it be once known that certain amounts of the same would be acceptable to our kinsmen in the West, and they will be forthcoming; it is only a question of time in Canada that the money be returned with good interest both to the lender and the borrower. Let a delegate come to England, some well-educated gentlemen of British birth, of independent means, one who can speak with equal fluency the French and English languages, perfectly conversant with everything relating to Canada, its history and resources, of good address, always accessible (by mutual arrangement) possessing Literary and Oratorial abilities.—powers to illustrate and combat, some one endowed by nature far above and beyond the merely political red-tapist, one who would take a heartfelt interest in all that he might undertake, one who, like Dr. Johnson's Hero, would be disposed ever to join "pleasure with business," with full powers to negotiate; and the eyes of the Mother Country will be turned, altogether towards Canada, and its financial resources be opened and placed in a great degree at the disposal of the Colony. Regarding the proposed route (and I will speak thereon at greater length hereafter) advantage might be taken of the Ottawa's course, as was that of the Rideau's, through the bed of which stream the St. Lawrence and all the Inland Oceans pay tribute to the Ottawa.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone;
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.—*Thos. Moore.*

TO

TA-PA-TA-MEE,

The glory of Upper Canada; the only American-Indian Queen on the Western Continent; whose nation is civilised, temperate, and devoted to the arts.

LADY! pre-eminently distinguished, Thee I esteem
As rare and noble, our peculiar glory, I, too, deem
Thee such as no other clime hath equalled. Be thou my theme.

Translated and paraphrased by the Author of the Londoniad, from the Italian of JOHN BOCCACCIO, *of Certaldo.*

A queen—
Tell me if she was not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind.—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

Who had thought this clime had held
A Deity so unparallel'd?—*Milton's* ARCADES.

The poem appears in the 10th, and Queen Ta-pa-ta-mee's beautiful Letter to the Author of the Londoniad, in the second 16th Londoniad.

ABORIGINAL KINGS IN CANADA.

MATIEWABIAE,
AGED 108,
GREAT SIGONAH.

CRENEVIREM,
AGED 91,
HEAD SACHEM.

KONQUAWIS,
AGED 83,
GRAND SAGAMORE.

KING ALESCANDRE II.,
AGED 24.

His letter to the Author appears in the last Londoniad.

PRINCE ALBERT,

The worthiest prince that ever was born.—*Sir Andrew Barton, in* "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

Was almost the first from whom I received a letter after publishing a prospectus to the Londoniad.

He had done more for the expanding of the mind and the enlightening of the world, than all that destiny ever placed near or on a throne in any other land, and more than all the Kings of England put together since the time of Saxon Alfred, and before him.

The Poems appear in 1st, 9th, and last Londoniad.

PRINCE OF WALES.

THE MARBLE BUST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, now in the Town Hall of Toronto, was presented by the Author of the Londoniad. I should feel a peculiar happiness in sending thither Marble Busts of those great and good gentlemen the most eminent in Canada, who placed their names at the head of my first list in the following order:—Hon. Henry Sherwood; Chief Justice, afterwards Sir J. B. Robinson; President McCaul, Mayor Gurnett, and our beloved Bishop who would have placed his name first thereon had he been in Toronto. A copy of this Bust is in the Temple Library, London (England).

No one will attribute to me any special predilection for *mere* princes. I was desirous of leaving with Toronto some memento of my affection, and I accordingly commissioned a Marble Bust for its city hall, leaving the subject for the great sculptor, who chose the Prince of Wales, and there the matter ended. I should not now advert to this subject, but, I would fain hope, as an appropriate introduction to that which follows. A short time ago an affair took place in which certain personages became invested with (to themselves, at least, it may reasonably be sup-

posed) unwelcome notoriety, occasioned by the idiosyncrasy of a certain bucolic Baronet; had such an one his own way and will, society would be established in ascetim; a dreary, cold fog would seize on all its vital parts. Under my own special cognizance letters are written in a far greater spirit of vivacity every day, and who shall say that they contain aught that Dian herself might not have dictated.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.—*Othello*, act iii., sc. 3.

THE EMPEROR.

(The poem appears with the last Londoniad.)

The munificence of your Majesty in presenting to our Colonial Library (that which is now the unrivalled glory of the West), those many and valuable literary works, will cause you to be held in fond remembrance by its inhabitants of both origins, through many coming generations; while your generous concession to, and enlightened sympathies with, the feeling of our people in England, especially during the time of the late Exhibition, hath most entirely won upon their hearts,—you, at least, your Majesty, have ever been the friend of England and the English; and have never

("If great things may be compared with small"—*Milton*),

like a certain scion of the defunct house of Orleans, De Joinville hight, threatened to bring French soldiers into Whitehall, in order to dictate to the English

Si non è vero; è ben trovato.

Verily, I am reminded of the words of M. Boileau.

Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.

Let those who will chant Io Pæans
To thy "exiled" race, Orleans;
A flagellum, but no censer,
Would I wave before Montpensier.
If you ascend the throne of Spain,
Short and stormy be your reign,
For the sake of him you've slain.

EXTEMPORE ON AN UNTOWARD EVENT.

On your journalist, who is always a coward and sot,
I would not think it worth while to expend powder and shot.
But should such an one upstairs on ill mission come tripping,
I'd send him down again with a de—dee good horse-whipping.

PRUSSIA.

(Please, see the last Londoniad.)

You accuse France of arrogance, or some such thing,
What of Prussia, who did crush a poor, poor blind king?
Think of these, and, if you please, then mark
The batter'd helm and shatter'd realm of Denmark.

UPON HEARING THAT THE NORTHERN BEAR HAD JOINED THE NORTHERN BOAR (BORE?)

And after all is said and done, those fellows are but slow—
O France, your native intrepidity will save you now.
See! like the living lightning, each sword leaping from its sheath,
On upon the *pragmatic* hordes! *give them not time to breathe!*

Emperor! at the earliest possible moment may you be inspired to let the young Pole B—— (I know not exactly how to spell his name,) out into freedom.

ΟΘΩΝ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ.

In regard to what hath lately taken place in Greece, without arrogating to myself aught of the prescience of prophecy, I kindly refer the enlightened reader to one of the early Londoniads.

(Please, see 8th Londoniad.)

Though Brandenburgh the *Electorate* so ruthlessly ran over,
Destiny shall you soon reinstate, George the Fifth of Hanover.

LOUIS, KING OF BAVARIA.

(Please, see the poem and his letter in the 10th Londoniad.)

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

On the Author of the Londoniad devolved the most pleasurable occupation of his existence, that of delivering the Oration when thousands of glorious spirits thronged around in the hour of his advent to Canada, the Illustrious, Enlightened, and Beloved Prince President, whom yet

"The Southern clime her sole Lord shall style,
And all the North."—COWLEY, *The Davideis*, Book ii.

☞ The Oration appears in the Supplement.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR HOWLAND.

Our history I've sanctified with lays
From Sieur de Roberval's to Howland's days.
Our Governors the sons of pioneers
Should be, who have resided in the land for years;
Who first thro' forests 'neath Canada's skies
Did pave the way for cities to arise;
Who have a hope, an interest in its clime,
Whose posterity here may dwell to latest time.
Not red-tape foplings and official knaves,
Who all their best days spent with Eastern slaves;
And, when old age creeps on, and they should rest,
Are sent to rule o'er freemen of the West;
Perchance some titled loon (*unlike* yourself),
Whom all the Arts have placed upon the shelf,
But now 'neath other, mental sway glow land
And all your streams beneath the sway of Howland.

THE NEW COLONIAL LIBRARY.

A SPEECH ADDRESSED TO THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS IN THE LEGISLATURE OF CANADA.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD,
Head of the Government,
HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD,
Premier of Ontario,
SIR A. T. GALT,
Ex-Finance Minister, now Head of the Inter-Colonial Railroad.
HON. MR. TILLEY,
Premier of New Brunswick.
HON. JOSEPH HOWE,
Premier of Nova Scotia.
AND ESPECIALLY TO THE HON. THOMAS RYAN.

UPPER CANADA, CALLED ONTARIO.

Addington, E. Lapum; Algoma, W. Simpson, Bothwell, David Mills; Brant (North), Dr. J. Y. Bowns, Brant (South), Hon. E. B. Wood; Bruce (North), Alex. Sproat; Bruce (South), Francis Hurdon; Brockville, James Crawford; Cardwell, Thos. R. Ferguson; Carleton, J. Holmes; Dundas, J. S. Ross; Durham (East), F. H. Burton; Elgin (East). S. W. Dobbie; Elgin (West), J. H. Munro; Essex, J. O'Connor; Frontenac, T. Kirkpatrick; Glengarry, D. A. Macdonald; Grenville (South), Walter Shanly; Grey (North), George Snider; Grey (South), George Jackson; Haldimand, D. Thompson, Halton, J. White; Hamilton, Charles Magill; Hastings (North), McKenzie Bowell; Hastings (East), Robert Read; Hastings (West), James Brown; Huron (South), Hon. M. C. Cameron; Huron (North), Jos. Whitehead; Toronto, Rufus Stephenson; Lambton, Alexander Mackenzie; Lanark (South), Mr. Alexander Morris; Leeds (North), and Grenville, Francis Jones, Leeds (South), John Crawford; Lenox, R. J. Cartwright, Lincoln, J. R. Benson; London, Hon. J. Carling; Middlesex (East), Crowell Wilson; Middlesex (North), Thomas Scatcherd; Middlesex (West), A. P. MacDonald; Monck, L. M. Callum; Niagara, Angus Morrison; Norfolk (North), A. Walsh; Norfolk (South), P. Lawson; Northumberland (East), Joseph Keeler; Northumberland (West). Hon. James Cockburn; Ontario (North), J. H. Thompson; Ontario (South), T. N. Gibbs; Ottawa, J. M. Currier; Oxford (North), T. Oliver; Oxford (South), E. V. Bodwell; Peel, Hon. J. H. Cameron; Perth (North), J. Redforth; Perth (South), R. Macfarlane; Peterboro (East), P. M. Grover; Peterboro (West), Charles Perry; Prescott, J. Hagar; Prince Edward, Walter Ross; Renfrew (North), John Rankin; Russell, James A. Grant; Simcoe (North), T. D. McConkey; Simcoe (South), W. C. Little; Stormont, Samuel Alt; Toronto (East), James Beaty; Toronto (West), R. A. Hurrison; Victoria (North), John Morison; Victoria (South), G. Kempt; Waterloo (North), I. E. Bowan; Waterloo (South), J. Young; Welland, T. C. Street; Wellington (centre), T. S. Parker; Wellington (North), Geo. W. A. Drew; Wellington (South). D. Stirton; Wentworth (North), J. McMonies; Wentworth (South), J. Ryan; York (East), James Metcalfe; York (West), Hon. W. P. Howland; York (North), James P. Wells.

LOWER CANADA, CALLED QUEBEC.

Argenteul, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott; Bagot, M. Gendreu; Benuce, Pozer; Beauharnois, Cayley; Bellechase, M. M Casault; Berther, A. H. Pacquet; Bonaventure, T. Robitallie; Brome, C. Dunkin; Chambly, M. Benoit; Champlain, J. J. Ross Charlevoix, M. Cimon; Chicoutimi, P. A. Tremblay; Compton, J. H. Pope; Dorchester, Hon. H. L. Langrevin; Drummond, and Abaska, Senecal; Gaspe, Cap. Forteir; Hochelaga, Hon. A. A. Dorion; Huntingdon, Hon. J. Rose; Iberville, Bechard; Jacques Cartier, G. Gaucher; Joliette, F. B. Godin; Laprarie, A. Pinsonneault; D'Assomption, D Archambeault; Lava, J. H. Bellerose; Levis, J. G. Blanchet; L'Islet, M. B. Poulior; Dothbiniere, H. G. Joly; Maskinonge, G. Caron; Missisquoi, B. Chamberlain; Montcalm, Joseph Dufresne, Montmagny, J. O. Beanbien; Montreal (Centre), Workman; Napperville, Sixte Coupal; Nicolet, Joseph Gaudet; Ottawa (County), A. Wr ght; Pontiac, Edmund Heath; Portheue, J. T. Brosseau; Quebec (Centre), G. H. Simard; Quebec (East), P. G. Huot; Quebec (West), T. McGrevey; Richlieu, McCarthy: Richmond and Wolfe, W. H. Webb; Rimouski, George Sylvain; Rouville, M. Ghevai; Shefford, L. S. Huntingdon; Soulanges, Hon. Masson; Stanstead, Charles Colby; St. Hyacinthe, M. Kierzkowski; St. Maurice, Dr. Desaulmers; Temiscouta, Chas. Bertrand; Terrebonne, L. R. Masson; Three Rivers, C. B. De Niverville; Two Mountains, J. B. Daust; Vercheres, F. Geoffrion; Vandreuil, S. McMilan; Yamaska, Moise Fortier.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Albert, Wallace; Charlotte, Bolton; Carleton, Mr. Connell; Gloucester, Anglin; King's, Ryan; Kent, Renaud; Northumberland, Hon. Mr. Johnson; Restigouche, Hon. Mr. McMillan; Saint John City, Hon. Mr. Tilley; Saint John County, Hon. Mr. Gray; Sunbury, Burpee; Queen's, Ferris; Victoria, Costigan; Westmoreland, Hon. A. J. Smith; York, Hon. Mr. Fisher.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Antagonishe, Hugh MacDonald; Annapolis, W. H. Ray; Cape Breton, J. McKeagney; Colchester, A. W. McLellan; Cumberland, Hon. Dr. Tupper; Digby,

A. W. Savary; Gyusbore, S. Campbell; Halifax, A. G. Jones; Halifax, Patrick Power; Hants, Hon. Joseph Howe; Inverness, Dr. Cameron; King's, W. H. Chipman; Lunenburg, E. M. McDonald; Picton, J. W. Carmichael; Queen's, Dr. Forbee; Richmond, W. J. Croke; Shelburne, Thomas Coffin; Victoria, Thos. Ross; Yarmouth. Thomas Killam.

Having worked the oracle so as to introduce Sculpture and Painting, called the Fine Arts, free into Canada, I purposed in my present route through London to prepare a report for presentation to the Legislative Council, on the advisability or otherwise of removing the present Import Duty upon British Literary Works destined for the New Dominion; and for this purpose I personally visited seventy-five of the principal copyright publishers therein established. Albeit, it is generally supposed that I only mention one in each line of business; but in giving an account of publishers, I could not well confine myself to this number. I have, however, held in view a couplet which I wrote several years ago, suggested, I believe, by Tom Foote's "Old Man and his Donkey."

In pleasing yourself you are sure to please one;
In striving to please all you are apt to please none.

In the first Londoniad appears an article upon Mr. Moxon, then the copyright publisher of one of my favourite English poets, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the other being John Milton. Mr. Moxon is now no more, and, as Robert Burns would say, "I'll gang na mare to yon town." Murray, and Adam Black, late member for Edinburgh, appear in the sixth, and Longmans in the tenth. Deputy Tegg in the second 16th. William and Robert Chambers, for Scotland, and James Duffy, for Ireland, will appear with about four or five others in the next Londoniad, and these are all that I am disposed ever to admit, although I have between 70 and 80 upon my list. I found amongst the publishers of living generations a diversity of character certainly, but very few gentlemen in the Serjeant-Talfourd, or even in the Peacham acceptation of that word, and here let me reiterate that which I have already said in a former Londoniad. Publishers in former days were the wherwolves of their species. We have all read of gentlemen greatly gifted suffering at their hands, and I have no desire that a new species of literature should become ill affected through me. I personally publish all my own works, and what may be considered a curious circumstance, I always have the edition taken up before going to press. And when my diary shall be laid before you in a printed form, I have no doubt that you will be led to exclaim, with a distinguished naturalist, "The genus is not altogether extinct in this country." Moreover, I think it impossible in the very nature of things that any colonist of our time could have visited so many different establishments, and have held converse with so great a number of persons in every variety of profession as myself; and here let me not be considered as speaking in the spirit of egotism, for I desire that no especial glory be attached thereunto; but I can, nevertheless, say that in all my journeyings through the imperial metropolis, and of the different sorts and conditions of men with whom I came in contact, I never met with a body in whom a dissimilitude of character compounded together would more truly represent the generic Curmudgeon, nor have I found any single profession in England to which this epithet is so universally applicable as to the British publisher of our day. Methinks I hear you, in adopting a quotation from John Wesley, say this will "raise a nest of hornets around you." I answer, the possibility thereof hath been precluded, for I early took the precautionary measure of transforming them into so many tarantula (please, see the Supplement to the 15th Londoniad;) and, leaving them to sting themselves, I proceed with you on our pleasant journey—the removal of Import Duty would be altogether too contracted and narrow a view to be taken of this subject. So far from removing the *embargo* now placed upon British works, or even lessening it, I would advise that (except in instances left to your own discretion, and where I may personally suggest) a duty high enough to be prohibitory be placed thereon; let no mock sensitiveness affect us in this eventful period the turning-point in our colonial history. And now we will turn upon the plan of rewarding literary gentlemen, and of making our New Dominion truly great. Establish reciprocity or not, as you please, with the so-called United States, Canada is more than able to compete with the so-called United States, and certainly with the British Isles, either in getting up reprints at

a reasonable price, or in the issuing of copyrights. Let authors explore this wider field for fame well deserved, and fortune too, no hesitancy will they have in causing their works to be issued from OTTAWA, that prospective centre-point of a renovated world. With all the branches required with this immense book establishment would arise others, such as paper-making, press-making, type-founding, ink-making, and all of printing and book-binding, and the collateral professions connected therewith, with a governmental head, so as to concentrate the whole in one. But whether as a governmental institution, under the auspices of a public company or a private firm, looking even from the lowest, a merely financial point of view, the small tax required, in kindness for the Colonial Revenue, from the pioneers of civilisation engaged herein, will greatly surpass aught that you are likely to get from the 5 per cent. charged by you upon literary imports, beside making your country truly great, even in your own lifetime, and associating your own with its renown through the long ages yet to come. To all intents and purposes, the books issued from Canada would be British editions, and we should always take a peculiar care to have them conveyed in British bottoms; and while the English editions will be driven from the market, because of the heavy per centage required by the so-called United States, they will be exported free to Canada. Authors (so often supposed to be etheralised in their natures), with their weather-eye open, will transfer their copyrights to Canada, while the copyrights of those authors who have passed away will not long remain unintroduced by the present possessors. Thus free trade with England will enable you to rise above all competition in that quarter; our English-speaking community will greatly hail your efforts, and I will personally undertake to introduce copies, to begin with, to public libraries of all our towns in Canada and all over the West. I have already made arrangements (*Vide* Special Report), whereby representative houses will be established at the Antipodes, and in all the colonies of Britain. Editions of the Classics, French and German, will follow the active intellect of the New Dominion—free vent for all active ability; and so sure am I of the success of this glorious enterprise, that I will advance the funds, heretofore reserved for a certain purpose (74 page, second 16th Londoniad), free from all interest, and which I had at one time purposed to myself to lay out in England for the New Colonial Library. One word more at parting: Here, with the archives of the colony, your MSS. and books are safe; no Yankee, dealing underhandedly, can inspire others to that aggression in which he is too great a coward to advance himself, and from hence our people can traverse their own lands, and ride their own floods to victory. And whether, as I have already said, the projected establishment appear with a governmental head, which I should suggest, or as a public company or a private firm, it must prove a great benefit to civilisation and a blessing to the world. The eyes of all nations will be turned towards the Gibraltar—let the next generation say, the Athens—as it is most assuredly in hospitality the Agrigentum of the West. Mere politics may alter their forms like clouds in a sky; buf embleming your own mighty river, the stream of general knowledge will never cease to flow though all ages and lands; and art and science will stand in your midst above the rage of time, like your own unconquerable heights, amid the sublimest scenes in nature.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD,

HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT.

"It is not the intention of the Government to issue any licenses to foreign fishermen during the ensuing season, it is the intention of the Government to take steps to protect the rights of Canadian fishermen in Canadian waters."—*Declaration of Sir John A. Macdonald.*

Dear Sir John A., it is my opinion,
That not since the birth of the New Dominion,
Hath e'er arisen cause for greater thanks
Than this, your latest triumph o'er the Yanks:
We're believers in Reciprocity,
Such they deny through animosity

Because we're British, their prime of wishes
To tax our exports and to steal our fishes.
Say to the infernal skunks, never more
Shall you angle by our Laurentine shore,
But if you will still follow the track
With maritinal force we'll drive you back,
Or, what is better still, you pack of knaves
We'll blow you with cannon into the waves.
This effects the Imperial Nation
Let the naval force at the Halifax station,
Which England there doth constantly maintain
Sweep all the coast attesting Britain's reign.
Fisheries which we now so fondly greet
Will prove th' Nurseries of our future Fleet.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Beattie's original marble bust of Robert Burns, of which an account appeared in the 14th Londoniad is destined for the above mentioned seat of learning, to which I present in, and I desire that therewith be associated the name of a young friend Master Malloch. son, of Judge Malloch, county Lanark, and nephew of Edward Malloch, Esq., formerly member for the County of Carleton.

I have lately had prepared for this famous Bust a Laurel, represented in Hammered Iron Work by our, Modern Quintin Matseys, G. Albon, which will be sent with it.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD,

PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

In the 1st 16th Londoniad is an article addressed to the genial and generous descendant of the patriarchal Princes who were the Lords of the Isles, when the progenitors of so called Royal Families in Europe were engaged in leading bands of despoilers against the domains of their too-confiding neighbours.

SIR A. T GALT,

HEAD OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The best known in Great Britain of our Colonial gentlemen. His father's name is renowned in many countries of Europe, for he wrote in more languages than one. Please see the 1st 16th Londoniad.

There is a poem, entitled the Galtiad, containing about 3000 lines. It is already in type.

SIR JOHN YOUNG,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

An address in French to you, if I can possibly find room for it, will appear in the present Londoniad.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS,

FINANCE MINISTER.

I have a Biographical Sketch of your ex-Excellency in Hudibrastic verse, and which, but for the horror of correcting the proof thereof, had been issued with one of the many Supplements to the present Londoniad.

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

ORATOR, POET, STATESMAN, AUTHOR, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, AND MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND THE ARTS.—SHOT AT OTTAWA.

(A Song by OSSIAN, translated by the Author of Londoniad.)

Where art Thou, Son of the Rulers of Old?
No more shalt Thou be seen among the Chiefs!
Thy Presence was a Day (of loveliness) in the Land,
Pleasant was thy Voice as the gales of Spring;
The echoings of thy Harp was as (that of) the Voice of Cona,
First and last of the Bards of Innisfail,
Thy Name shall be heard far from the streamy shades of Morven
When the Kings of Temora have passed away,
No arm of the Stranger overcame thee in the battle-storm, and in a land unknown,
An evil hand of thine own Race from the Green
Isles of the West, laid the low in the silence of Night,
And in a Country to which thou gavest Renown.

Note.—We have all by rote the famous note of Byron on a certain translation of Ossian, but it should be remembered that James Macpherson, so far from being a Celtic scholar, was not able to speak Gaelic, and was altogether ignorant of the Irish language. Should I live a little while longer, I will place OSSIAN in a new dress before the world. The translation here presented is copyrighted, as are all the articles in the Londoniad.

HON. JUDGE SHERWOOD.

I send you with the 3rd 16th Londoniad a copy of your Brother Henry's portrait taken in London, (England). The original which he himself gave unto me, I still hoped to have had engraved, but have finally decided on having a Marble Bust executed for the Queen of the West, Toronto, of which he was the so-often-returned Member; and as we all know Premier of Upper Canada, under its Conservative administration. The Hon. John Ross, of Belleville, whom I met at 9, Bennet street, St. James's, London, (England), first made known to me that he was no more. I should like to know through your Brother Samuel, (the Alderman), how his descendants are situated. I take great interest in all that relates to the Robinson and Sherwood families, the heads of the U. E. Loyalists, the Princes of the West. I can never forget that they headed the list for my first work in the day of my Literary Pilgrimage.

SIR J. L. ROBINSON, BART.

I send you a portrait of our Great Chief Justice, of Upper Canada, your Illustrious Father, by Messrs. Gush and Ferguson, the Royal Photographers, and on which first beholding, the eminent sculptor, J. H. Foley, exclaimed, "That would make a fine Bust!" I hope still to be allowed the honour of presenting a Marble Bust of the Learned, Eminent, and, Amiable, to the City of Toronto. I paid a tribute to the ever-honored head of our native families in the 11th Londoniad.

HON. M. C. CAMERON,

SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF ONTARIO.

In the 11th Londoniad appears a contrast between our and the general Friend of Man, and Mr. McDougall (called for shortness, and by those who know not how to spell the name, but would fain quote from Sir Walter Scott the D(o)ugald crea-

ture). During my progress through *that* University, acknowledged the fairest seat of learning in the West, I resided at the Western Hotel, and here, side by side at the same table, was our chosen place for years. His conversation always unaffected and edifying, still echoes in mine ears, and the subjects thereof form visions to my mind in other countries.

SIR JOHN YOUNG,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

If a Governor-General were chosen from amongst the inhabitants, he would, doubtless, find better occupation than acting John Thomas to any so-called Royal booby that comes the road. I am inspired in the formation of this sentence by what took place upon the night of February 25, 1870, when in the words of Jenkins, "the capital was in a blaze of glory." I should imagine from this that Ottawa's cataracts illuminated in an extra degree of animation, "sky grained," were feathering the distant horizon. There must have been, I am sure, a great deal of gas and grease light, but very little, I trow, of the mental. It may do for steady, and for even august people of the same capacity as yourself to dress themselves out like lacqueys, and kick up their heels in an attempt to gratify a semi-samia wight like that which you now have in your midst. It may do, besides, for those who, at least once in a lifetime, are disposed to avail themselves of a chance to enrobe themselves in all their available drapery,—the Parvenu, and the upstart, and the court sycophant; but I know myself many whose ancestors were always gentlemen; and who, although able to afford the amount required, or rather demanded, by the occasion, were not at all disposed to advance in such an exploit. While many by their very profession must be precluded from availing themselves of the "invitation," the idea of a literary man or a votary of science "tripping as you go," (Milton) to say nothing of Holy Boys, who, notwithstanding their admitted sanctity, are generally collaterally prolific, where by the very requirements of their office must, too, keep aloof. And what was the ball got up for? not to arouse native manufacturers. Oh, no, native industry or intelligence must (under the circumstances at least) give place to flunkeyism. Why not have established a *Conversazione* in which Art, Science, and all of the sacerdotal might have been engaged, and thus to have held in remembrance the scene of that night through long after years. The works of art chosen to *adorn* the legislative halls, here turned into dancing chambers, were these portraits of George IV. and Queen Caroline. What a self-pronounced Philippic upon trash, artistic and moral, as far as regards the diademed *Roué!* And now for a State Secret, which, like Byron's Dream, that "was not all a dream,"—the government at home are working the oracle with yourself in Canada, but without (I truly believe) the connivance of our public men in Canada, to establish Prince Arthur on the throne of the New Dominion. But let them be aware that country belongs to the people, who, next to God, made it what it is, and it will never become a Royal *Laystall.* It has already wisely rejected, what would parallel Alfred's presents to the Australians; and whoever attempts to direct that country to an evil purpose will share the fate of Maximilian.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

My oration on the Hudson Bay Company appeared in the last Londoniad. I would desire to make the following remark here and now. In making a purchase of this land, the will of the people inhabiting the same, as a matter of courtesy, should have been consulted. The idea of buying people with the land, as in Scotland and other countries, in the gloomy ages of time, must ever be abhorrent to all spirits inhabiting a human form. Had these been consulted, destiny in absolving the stated rounds of years, would have exhibited another spectacle than that now presented to the world of a people anxious to redeem themselves from a Fur Company's thraldom, turning in defiance to their redeemers even upon the threshold of freedom. And why? Because they were not invited (at least, not permitted) to share in the achievement. The snarl of the Yankee Wolf had only been heard in lessening echoes, and the Occidental Bruin would never have trotted into regions in which the British flag was flying. Always give as much seeming power as possible to those you would help; they will welcome you as

adherents and companions when they would disdain the name of ater. Beside one of a more genial temperament than McDougall should have been sent to negotiate and arrange; for if Pæstum had its second spring, that clime must certainly possess a double winter in the presence of McDougall (please, see the 11th Londoniad). Speaking for myself, I would not have undertaken the mission had not preliminaries been arranged, suitable for the acceptance of ardent and sensitive men; but afterward, whatever might come or go, if the faintest approach to opposition were to arise or to loom in prospective, I would say, with Cheronean Plutarchus, whose words I translate and paraphrase, and whose idea I assimilate to my subject and adapt to my purpose.

> Agesilaus-like in Thrace, I'm prepared and I must thro'
> The Centre of your realm with my embattled forces go,
> Will you let me pass as Friend, or shall I have to pass as Foe?

Thus with my weather-eye open would I ever hold in view Colonel David Crockett, the great American Hunter and Statesman, whose two lines of poetry, the only poem he ever wrote, hath occasioned him to take high rank with the bards of his country.

> "I leave this rule for others when I'm dead—
> Be always sure you're right, then go a head."

TO THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

(Please, see the Supplement.)

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS,

FINANCE MINISTER.

I have a Biographical Sketch of your ex-Excellency in Hudibrastic verse, and which. but for the horror of correcting the proof, had been issued with one of the many Supplements to the present Londoniad. Upon your exit being taken from the Redeemed Isles of the Caribee it was the intention of the Home Government to send you to rule over some land worthy of your genius. Utopia and Atlantis were suggested; but the spirits of More and Bacon interposed, the veritable Taprobane only discovered within the 8th decade of the present century, was found to possess a ruler somewhat between an Inca and a Grand Lama, never dying, or else too long lived for any desirable reversionary interest to accrue from that quarter. The pages of Megasthenes, Berosus, Manetho, Ctesius were ransacked, but all in vain. It was finally agreed in "secret conclave;" but these words smack too much of the moslem, we will say in the Privy Council, that on account of your fine financial abilities you should be established perpetual viceroy of the Golden Chersonesus; but as several countries under that name, contended for the honour of your sway the better way was thought to be this, not to appoint you to either, lest the inhabitants thereof should fall a prey to envy (!), malice, and all uncharitableness. As a last resort, a young statesman, Mr. Goschen, the Author of "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges," then, and it may be now in the days of his novitiate, counselled your translation to the Flowery land, so long sought for in vain, by that Maritimal Quixada, hight Juan Ponce De Leon, and the making you High Priest and Keeper of the Hydrophylacium of Eternal Youth; but I personally raised an objection in Downing street to this mode of procedure, for calling back to remembrance the cognomen won by you in other days and in early Colonial History, declared that you, yourself, would drink so much of the water that the old would rejuvinate in the young; and we should still have the same untamable Hyæna * * * The disadvantage of repeating the words of foemen will be immediately exemplified; we will listen if you please, to Sir Francis Hincks, at a dinner given in his honour: "They say I kept the colony in hot water." This set the magnates at Whitehall upon a new train of thought; they having never heard these words expressed against Syr Francis; and when a report of his speech was shown to me by a member of the Imperial Government, I said, "He is always belching hot water, like a geyser. The worst of it is that, unlike his Icelandic compatriot, he is always breaking out in a fresh place." Finally, however, it was so decided, like as in the *Vision of Judgment* (Byron's not Southey's), George the Third was left singing the 100th Psalm, happy through

all the elements of opposition; so our Hero of this *Prose* Epic, like Gulliver from the Hands of the Emperor of Blefuscu, received a *title of honour*, and a pension. Thus, unlike Addison. with Sir Roger de Coverley, we have not killed our hero, lest another should pick him up and prolong his career, nor will we exclaim in the words of Cervantes,—

(One of) "Nature's priests and corybantes" (Longfellow),
Para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el,

And yet, Sir Francis, thou didst inspire

The confiding people of Renfrew,
Whom in early life, ay, long and well, I knew.
I bless them for their hospitable hearts and true.

That thou didst decline all Imperial offers of distinction for the sake of becoming Finance Minister of your beloved adopted country, we will not say *Credat* Judæus Apella, and, after all, this may be called the solar clime of fame; a wider field for action is certainly before you than when ensepulchred by "rivers unknown to song" (Thomson), engaged in hermitising lands which "geographer ne'er noticed" (Bishop Porteus); and well may our colonists, in the innocency of their hearts, exclaim, with Blandford in Oroonoko—

"Let's hope there is a place of happiness
In the next world for such exalted virtue."

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

I beheld you and heard your voice, Heaven's Ambassador to our country's Zion, as you stood on the central peak, the apex of England's empire, surrounded by that architectural diadem of your Metropolis, St. Paul's, what time you were Bishop of London. I had heard of you before and in connection with circumstances too sacred to be mentioned in every-day life, but which drew towards you the sympathies of many, in other lands than Britain, and not tearless was the eye of him who now addresses you. Conceiving that no mere human effort might ever tend to consolation in such bereavement, and that the source of happiness must spring within ourselves, I had written the following little poem, which I now inscribe to your Grace:

"The mind is in itself."—*Milton.*

They tell us of a Wondrous Land, of Youth's Perpetual Fountains,
Where Spring and Summer, hand in hand, dance over roseate mountains;
—Flowery Isles! midst Sunlit Seas that never know darkening storms,
Hymns swell on the melodious breeze, where float the blessed Angel Forms.
Is this fair realm in the Far West, and if we seek, well may we find.
Roam not! it glows within the Breast, that Paradise is of the Mind.

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ.

I have had in contemplation, for some months past, a Subject of which the following may be considered a key or argument,

THE MESSIAH AND "THE PROPHET."

TO SAMUEL, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD, NOW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The poem appeared in the last Londoniad. In the evenings, when I get through my other work, I generally devote an hour or two to a paraphrastical translation, (Lenecinium exceptio,) of Al Koran.

RIGHT HON. A. H. LAYARD, D.C.L.,

A LETTER TO HODGSON PRATT, Esq.

My dear Sir,—I, in common with many others, am desirous of seeing some testimonial established in our day, to One who has deserved well of his countrymen and the world; and as I think that the desired object cannot be better carried out than in erecting a statue to Mr. Layard, I will give sixty guineas towards the

same, the pedestal to be adorned with mezzo relievo, illustrative of his Researches, his Contributions to Art Literature, and his connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The amount to be paid in the following manner—twenty guineas at commencement of the work, an equal sum when it shall be about half through, and the remainder at the completion thereof.

In fond remembrance, I am, yours faithfully,

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

To Hodgson Pratt, Esq.

P.S.—The open space in front of the British Museum would be a very suitable place whereon to erect his statue, and I would suggest that this be the spot.

J. T. S. L.

MR. GLADSTONE.

Lo the Spirit! which in the Archaic period of a classic time glared over the plains of Troy, through the form of Sinon, that in mediæval years, with fitful glow and lurid, took up its abode in Ganelon, by Ronceveaux; and rode on conder wings of centuries storm diffused, homeless, in vain to find another living habitation, till in the Albertinæan era, and in an Island of the northern main, it became (*vita morte!*) ensepulchered in the form of

MR. GLADSTONE.*

The ὁ πονηρός.

"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich."—*Pope to Bolingbroke.*

"One murder made a villain—Millions a Hero."—*Bishop Porteus.*

Upon the same principle, "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" is branded with sacrilege, and placed in duress—"durance vile," if you had rather—while the despoiler of many millions becomes Prime Minister.

——————"To make religion bleed,
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed."

"Conscience—mon conscience!" Fate, in greater power than that possessed by the Tyrrhenian monarch, hath tied him face to face with the dead Church of his country, the ill effluvia (witness outbreaks in many British lands) filleth the horizon, flying before us in every march; but the voice of a living generation, loud as the trumpet of the Judgement-day, shall wake our darling once more to beatified life.

THE LAETUSLAPISÆAN EPOCH.

STROPHE.

Now, as erst, any one who can rig, and
Set fleets afloat, even if a brigand,
Is borne by adulation to renown,
Becomes Your Highness and wears a Crown.
Thus, He who drives a-head, at a high rate,
Whether as a bandit or a pirate,
With strong battalions, and sword well pointed,
Mounts a throne and is the Lord's Anointed.

ANTISTROPHE.

Some poor wight, through hunger, would fain chew bread
In sacred fane, as David did shewbread,
He thus becomes the object of scandal,
And's branded as something worse than Vandal.

EPOD.

By the same route different ends are gained,
One grasps a Judgeship, while t'other's "in durance vile."

---

* Erst, the sobriquet obtained by him was Testy Will,
But his name in history must be Coercion *Bill*.

THE LORD MAYOR.

Whom shall we have
"For the City's next Lord Mayor?"—*Thomas Otway.*

Will he be

Ledde into Lundone,
With joy, and merth, and grete renoun?
(*From the first edit. of Surrey's Poems*, 1557, 4to.)

as was the Ex-Lord Mayor,
"Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son."—*Milton, 20th Sonnet.*

Shall we, indeed, have again
"Some gentle JAMES to bless the Land?"—*Alexander Pope.*

or, upon some principle of dreariest routine, will there be established in the dais orpéllo a prototype of him of whom it might be said in the words of the great Author (*of Venice Preserved*) before quoted,

Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.

In the 2nd 16th Londoniad appears an article upon the then Lord Mayor, now Sir James Clarke Lawrence; and not that I had any desire to emulate the Hero of an antique Ballad (George Barnwell), who

"Unto the Lord Mayor then
Did a letter write."

I was the first to address him a note with his present title, and in full, and this too a considerable time before it was generally known that he was to be offered such, for I knew that *Bart.*, and not *Knt.*, was to be the appendage to his name three days before he himself knew it; the knowledge thereof came to me unsought, and, therefore, have I not laid myself open to the decrees of Fate, promulgated against those who would pry into State secrets, as declared by Sir Francis Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, and least of all the powerful μοῖρα, αἶσα, κὴρ, εἱμαρμένη, in all their varied names, for

Secrets of State I wish no more to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show.—*Charles Churchill.*

In that period of time, when the present Mayor's election was progressing, I published three editions of a contro-Oration; I cannot say exactly at this moment how many there were printed altogether, but my Secretary tells me that the last edition comprised 5000 copies; immense numbers were publicly distributed in the Guildhall, and I, myself, personally posted 1500 to various parts of Britain and the world. I will give a New Edition out as one of the Thirteen Supplements to this the 3rd 16th Londoniad. This comes of having to do with

Atkins, late Winfields, the Brummagem Robbers.

* This alludes to the Rogues' Hazard. By using the plural, and altering the gender, the words of Chaucer are made applicable to those characters who, at the moment in which I made time to turn upon them in earnest, took to flight, and are now like Winfield, non est.

"Hazard is the very mother of lies and deceit,
And false swearing and blasphemy."—*Canterbury Tales.*

Lidstone (J. T. S.), Literature against Judicial Wrong. A speech on the Lord Mayor's Election—and John Bright and Richard Cobden † (verses) In 3 sth fol.

---

* I received a letter of thanks from the Trustees of the British Museum, for the same and other articles here mentioned.

† A new and corrected Edition of that Poem. I will give my friends mentioned in the 3rd 16th Londoniad a copy of each.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

RICHARD BENTLEY,

THE ROYAL PUBLISHER.

I have not seen the Immortal Richard, but his younger self, whom I have both seen and spoken to, remi..ds me, in speech and action, of the U. E. Loyalists, those Illustrious pioneers of Upper Canada, the princes of the West, in their descendants. The Poem, in MS., is on the ocean, and will appear, in all likelihood, somewhere in the present Londoniad.—Letters to Canada.

JAMES HOGG & SON,

Publishers, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

As Thomas Campbell saith (*Pleas' of Hope*). "Now on Atlantic seas
He rides afar," yea with the Story of our Colonies.
The adventurous Muse would gladly pass thro' ev'ry one
And show in detail how much hath th' enlightened Author done.

All Winter this did greatly us inspire,
At eventide when I suspend the lyre,
This is ye Booke we read beside the fire.
He shows, for this his name be ever blest
That loved Toronto, Queen of all the West—
There I first thought of the Londoniad,
Substantial progress more by far hath made,
(And many thanks to all the smiling fates)
Than any place in the so-called United States,
Early and late will I rehearse thy praise,
Thou model City of these later days.
The junior of our Family firm did dwell
With Captain Dick, who owns the Queen's Hotel,
Paestum like a second spring did glow
With his presence over Ontario,
He said, while tears the listeners eyes empearl d,
It is the finest Hotel in the World.

(CAPTAIN DICK, TORONTO, PROPRIETOR OF QUEEN'S HOTEL.

It was in one of his steamers that I first went from Kingston to Toronto with our dear Captain Gordon. Many a time, in the morning of my life, have I sailed with them (and always welcome) on the Western waters; and when I take a mental survey of the past, and cast a reminiscential glance on the days that have gone to the winds, tears start, and my heart and tongue move involuntarily with blessings on this fine-hearted family.)

Women of Worth a Book for girls with eight illustrations,
I to Choctaw turn'd for our Aboriginal nations.
Small Beginnings; trust in yourselves, and not in other men,
Trust in yourselves, my gallant boys, and God will help you then.
"Hear ye this truth" a Nought to Units joined doth Number make,
And particles in aggregate whole continents will shake.
Letters, the Abracadabræan spell, drops make the sea,
Grains the great universe, and moments form Eternity.
Aunt Agnes, the authoress, young Alescandre sought her,
And our native prince found her in a clergyman's daughter.
Men who have Risen, illustrated by Charles A. Doyle,
A Book for Boys—never heed the foe, never mind the toil.
Young Readers, New and Illustrated Books,
England's Green Lanes and Fairy haunted Brooks,
'Neath Canada's Forest Shade by deep and silent river
Where winged with cataracts floods are silent never,
And midst aspiring cities they're our companions ever.
Your mental sluggards die away and never leave a name,
Action! beacon-light answering to beacon-light, shall flame
Thro' a world metamorphosed to the temple of your fame.
Inspirer of your age, nations rely
On force of character and energy.
Even 'gainst Fate a steadfast march you take,
Her rampired heights turn to brambles in th' brake.
Mountains, transformed in cloud-like billows spread,
And clear in light before the hero's tread.
Adventures in the Ice, I knew its author long ago,
No sultry summer hours appear, the fresh'ning breezes blow,
I'm off o'er the sunlight regions, careering thro' the snow.
Pioneers of Civilisation here too met my ken,
By Him who wrote my well thumb'd vol, "Lives of Eminent Men."
Livingstone, (please, note St. Peter) Clapperton, William Penn,
Macaulay would prove him not quite human nature's glory
In his (I give a quotation) "Romance called History."
Let us hope, however, that John Tillotson may be famed,
(That he *vide* Robert Lloyd) may "live when Clive no more is named."
His was indeed "the hand that slew till it could slay no more,
(William Cowper) was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore;"
He was of death's maw a most unconscionable gorger,
And amongst all the rest was he not an arrant forger,
Many hearts "gentle as the Brahmin" (Moore) burnt to cinders,
Rev. Martyn give me consolation and Captain Flinders.
Thalatta! the Sea and her Famous Sailors did rouse, and
Flood mine heart. I thought of Xenophon and the ten thousand.

The Vicar of Wakefield, this I wrote an essay once on
The *Kindly* (not *the vandal*) Oliver, whom Dr. Johnson
Called dear Goldy, who was no puritanical schemer,
And now to Pilgrim's Progress and its glorious dreamer;
In fighting the Battle of Life my sword I ne'er will sheath,
But even as in the Valley of the Shadow of Death,
Still ruminating upon Christian and Apollyon,
To my destined goal will I determinedly rush on.
And when I have to pass a river deep without a bridge,
May I spread wings (not Icarian) towards some skiey ridge.
By Babbicombe Bay reclining upon a shady lawn,
I thought of stormy times and those from the stage of life withdrawn.
Of eastern Magi, the Shepherds! Hail Watchers of the dawn!
Still upward and onward, excelsior! and we may claim
Place with those bright immortals named in Steady Aim,
And time shall come when this world alone shall not bound our fame,
For even as undiscovered continents that long lay,
Unknown to many nations that have passed away,
Other Spheriods remote shall brighten in time's glory
And suspend their harmonies listening to our Life's Story;
And though only existing now in science' twilight dawn,
We may yet as by attraction to other worlds be drawn,
And by the light of a Higher Intelligence set free,
May visit other Orbs, as we do islands of the sea.
Thus wedded not to time, nor one planet fated to rehearse
Our fame's,—empire Eternity, and all the Universe.
Holiday Adventures, *oui*, yes, I am invited by
The Strettons, and will spend the present summer in Normandy
Whether you are *Daucus* (Pliny) Blond or Ater Beauty.
Dames! I leave to you the Star of Hope, the Staff of Duty.
Habits of Good Society "Manners Makyth Man" yield
To this work must D'Orsay Count hight, and eke Chesterfield.
The Rosebud Stories have you a smile of joy than show it,
And emulate thereby the eminent Mary Howitt.
O'er glad ocean and rejoicing rivers what makes tracks on—
Is't the advance of Morn? 'tis the Soul of Prebendary Jackson!
Prebendary! the word attached thereto by Laurence Sterne,
I leave to Yankee madams' Train, and Stowe, and Fanny Fern.
His genius so engaging, his spirit truthful, pure,
—Curiosities of the Pulpit and Pulpit Literature.
Some Hesiodian bronto seems to rapt the beholder,
As he wields his arguments, and aptly shrugs his shoulder,
On life's broad arena, or in alcove or in grotto,
Thy new work we hail, O Reverend Dale, A Life's Motto.
I need not say, "I want a Hero, an uncommon want,"
(Byron,) but welcome we the Church Seasons, by A. H. Grant.

Each Muse o' ev'ry clime and age is with my hero mated,
Historically and Poetically Illustrated;
He no umile nota strikes, but esaltato treble,
And takes the march of mind with George Wither, Ken, and Keble.
Yea, I bear to Evening Lands with very great elation,
Matchless work! A Hand Book of Reference and Quotation.
A Book for all Seasons of time and either hemisphere,
Lo, the title Mottoes and Aphorisms from Shakespeare,
Unique, nought of its kind before did e'er in the world appear:
He's welcome "seated sunblime on his Meredian throne,"
With my Boydell Illustrated, and with Edmond Malone,
Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, not names my muse alarm her,
Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Capell, and—Richard Farmer,
"And the rest." (Shelley) all are with me, Immortal Charmer.
A Dictionary, (I love to trace all things to their germs,)
Of Ritual and other Ecclesiastical Terms,
Hail, and however narrow-minded sectaries may chide,
The Manuale Clericorum shall ever be a Guide.
And the Directorium Anglicanum as well,
Edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L.
One note more our Publishers' name we very much regard,
We honour the Ettrick Shepherd and the Mountain Bard.

HOULSTON & SONS,
Publishers, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

More like Hierofalco, tarsel gentle, than eyas,
Is the Muse that looketh on your Wild Flowers, Rev. Tyas.
Say, can the hand-painted groups of Mynheer Guells or can Drew's
Masterpieces equal Mano Pittura of Andrews.
Flowers of Heraldry and Floral Emblems, Charles
Le Blond gave to me those which I have by quaint Francis Quarles.
Heraldic bearings, too, were known through teeming ages long
Of the Leader's Badge we often hear in Homer's classic song.
In Greece, all through Etruria, what doth to us impart
High knowledge of old Heraldry? ay, wondrous works of Art!
Beautiful Birds, in the New Dominion I was the One
Only in private life who could show Gould or Audubon.
And I had heard that Flowers are the stars on Earth that shine—
Flowers from Holy Land, Muse! rapt me into Palestine.
Flowers from Foreign Lands,—"in eastern lands they talk in flowers,"—
Yes! and we've Heaven's beneficence in "rosy showers."
My two quotations here are from those of honour'd names,
Thomson, Percival, who were baptised, like the writer, James.
Language of Flora, I had heard from Sir Joseph, M.P.,
And, now Autumn Memories, by the Vicar of Coventry,
Through Sedge and Sea with the amiable Miss Margaret Plues,
Knowledge of Flowerless Plants me thoroughly imbues.

Book of Chess, New Guide to that Intellectual Game,
That from Empires of the Morn down untold centuries came.
A living line of light across each continent track, aye,
The Illustrated Book of Scottish Songs by Charles Mackay.
The Lyrics of Ireland (Lover's), to the enchanting strains
I listen as to the English Lyrics by Reverend Baynes—
Lyra Anglicana ; and hath arrived the period
When this globe's transform'd to a celestial spheriod.
Oh, may the breath of heaven continue to fan Ada
Cambridge, whose Communion Hymns I took to Canada.
Manual of Family Prayers for Christian Households—bless
Th' writer, and he who wrote the History of Britain's Progress.
Lo the series of popular books, "Enquire Within,"
Doth the rapt attention of our uprising nation win ;
And Yankee questioning we pass altogether by,
Greeting the Series of Popular Books, "Reason Why."
Our Firm is eminent throughout the world in all its parts,
For works on gastronomy and the lovely Scolpire Arts.
Educational works by the veritable Samuel
Neil teaches kindly as his mother taught King Lemuel.
French Language, th' passport now to good society,
How t' Read, Write, and Speak 't with Correctness and Propriety—
That which to some modern *savans* doth appear a mystery,
Youth takes for granted in the Child's Scripture History.
England and its People, by Miss Taylor, Illustrated,
This and the Useful Teacher us very much elated.
English History, Questions and Answers, by a Lady,
Reminds me of that for Ireland by Countess O'Grady.
And hath our family firm brought all the knowledge home
Of events that transpired in early Greece and later Rome.
No unbelieving age the Muse shall e'er o'ertake her
While I've the Biblical Works of the Rev. Charles Baker.
Our Publishers in catering have shown ability,—
Hail ! transcending works of acknowledged utility.
That firm in England must hold the very highest station
Which publicly met the late Lord Brougham's approbation ;
And 'tis thus the Messrs. Houlston & Sons' publications
Flush with mental glory the rejuvenated nations.
I their Josephus hail, ne'er did th' so-called United States
Match th' Rev. Dr. Traill's great Work, with its 75 Steel Plates.
That's it ; or Plain Teaching (*this th'* Book our Students aim to win,
Twelve Hundred Engravings), by the Editor of "Enquire Within."
Gladly in the Londoniad I'd name each glorious book,
But here, and now, can only those that I o'er Ocean took
To our Minister of Agriculture and Squire Denny ;
I introduced Sir Joseph's works with those of George Glenny.
What made our slopes and vales and table-lands so charming,
Th' great Horticulturist' work on Gardening and Farming,
'Twas on th' Roman Watling Street, yclep'd Fenny
Stratford, old Magiovintum, that I studied Glenny,

Pomona and Vertumnus, now dancing hand in hand
Scatter plenty over Upper Canada, smiling land.
I've used the rhyme already, or I'd say, desert and fenny
Realm are transferr'd to Edens by eminent George Glenny.

WILLIAM MACKINTOSH,

Publisher, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

I remember very well the Gospel Treasury, "Losh
Mon?" (Robert Burns), which we erst had from Wm. Mackintosh.
Lords of the Isles, in ages long ago, beyond the foam
With them in Upper Canada I had my early home;
And in fond remembrance I a deathless wreath confer,
In th' Imperial Isles, on William, Worthy Publisher,
When I for the first time, and here I surely could not err,
Introduced his Tracts for Parochial Circulation,
Th' Voices of our Cataracts, in aqueous ovation,
Peal'd to th' ringing stars in Hymnings or rapt Oration;
And from Ontario, the Beautiful Ontario,
All along to the Morning Side of the Atlantic' flow
Rivers, in acclamation shouted, Paternoster Row,
Spirit light we bear from 24, Paternoster Row.
His Miscellaneous Books, too, our attention claim,
Arrang'd Alphabetically under each Author's Name,
His Educational, Canada very much regards,
I send you the list classified, Books, and Rewards.
Welcome, for Advent and Church Seasons, sacred works are here,
Tracts for the Festal Time, Christmas and New Year.
Though bearing humble name, I'd announce "from tow'r and steeple"
(Thomas Campbell, Gent.) Pleasant Readings for Homely People,
Homely Readings on Homely Subjects, a rhyme! "Groun(d)sel,
Edge" (John Milton) Words of Consolation and Counsel.
To Canada I introduce instead of Boston bosh,
Good Works Inspiring Truth from William Mackintosh.
Now in more languages than one his List I bring in vogue,
So suiting for the General Student and the Theologue
(Here 500 lines are written, and 'tis my prime intent,
To publish them with other works, please see The Supplement).
Such the Books we greet from 24, Paternoster Row,
They are well known in the Tropics and midst the Polar Snow.
An Indian Chief once told me that William Mackintosh's name,
With all his deeds lighting deep Forests in Enchanted Flame,
Did first to the untutored minds of his nation bring
High knowledge, as if lightning storms suspended on the wing,
Or tempest trem'lous, turned to Holy Airs, and made to ring
With Songs of Zion the umbrageous region yet untrod,
Nature's fane, the Primeval temple of the Christian's God.

GROOMBRIDGE & SONS,

Publishers, LONDON,

5, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

'TWAS near Niagara, and what Indians call the Bloom-ridge
Of Spirit Land, that I first heard of the House of Groombridge.
From Hemisphere to Hemisphere as on ethereal Pons,
With all of Mental Reflex we pass with Groombridge and Sons,
And except from Alderman Kelly, who is now no more,
Their books were the first that I to Canada bore.
In the Brumal reign, and 'neath the intensest beam of Sol,
Each of their Books become in time the welcome well-thumb'd vol.
The Minister of Arts, himself, of that ardorous Nation,
Said to me they supplied the Irish Board of Education,
And have done so for at least a generation.
Destined to stand for ever like Sun illumined Mons,
Amid time's flood are the family firm Groombridge and Sons,
Rivalling the perfumed gales that from blest Araby blow,
Knowledge' stream flows ærialised from Paternoster Row,
Circumambeating, like 'atmosphere Ontario.
Yankee knowledge to impart I never think it prudent,
Especially as we have that Monthly work The Student.
Expence, trouble saved, Hints on Houses, and House Furnishing,
And then Books for the Work Table to Canada I bring.
Much o' the Archaiological and Social doth enlist
Our firm, to aid the Art amatore and Naturalist.
In works my heroes publish we ever place reliance,
Barff. Orme, Wormell, our lights in more elevated Science.
These fill our Universities o'er the Western sea,
With all of potential and Kinetic energy;
Ay, the perceptive faculties they open well for me.
Presentation or School Prizes, for such they're greatly famed,
The latent spark aroused oft hath a volcano flamed,
'Tis only superior spirits that aim at rewards,
Hence 'tis against the loose and evil we establish guards.
By Sea Fishing, as a Sport, we dare the uproarous floods,
And with An Old Bushman roam again Scandania's woods,
Where an upturned Niagara plumed o'er sunny capland,
I had read long before his Spring and Summer in Lapland.
Miniature Classic Library, midst shot and rocket,
Forcing the Southern Blockhead I carried in my pocket.
Like Nehemiah (10th), Homer's Ships, Virgil's Catalogue
Of Heroes, Ossian's Stars, Spenser's Rivers, I now in vogue,

(With Milton's Cities) bring them o'er to every age and clime;
Of *catalogues raisonnes* Groombridge Books shall be th' prime,
When the Bard proves his aptitude for more than Runic rhyme.
On the tables of our principal families you'll find,
Of the Learned Professor Wright his work on Womankind.
Down many a mighty forest and inland ocean floats,
Surveying or Pioneer Band with the Temple Anecdotes.
(By way of Presentation in each uprising nation,
I Illustrated Editions place of the ever-graceful GRACE).
Apiarian! the Beekeeper's Manual and the Rose
Book! Hymettus here and Sharon again themselves disclose,
To their Series of Popular Books the minstrel turns,
Emanuel his Pianoforte and the lyre of Burns.
To my heroes' credit their Gift Books very much redound,
For Presentation I've a cargo elegantly Bound.
Groombridges' Classics, the Cabinet, and the Miniature,
Doth th' market of the Colonies entirely secure.
Our Western tribes, who are neither Zehyags nor Maories,
Are attracted to that Series yclept Magnet Stories.
Recreative Science, double LL Clarke and MRS. Ward,
What Lacon saith of Telescopes we very much regard.
Yankee abortions—never more! we've passed that day of dool,
Hail! Elementary Catechism! for Home and School.

BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, PRAYER-BOOKS.

R. & A. SUTTABY

Beg to call the attention of the Trade to Books now in course of publication, as well adapted for Presents, Bound in Morocco, &c. 2, AMEN CORNER, LONDON.

Aqua vita! for inspiration I put Gutta by
For other times when I should hail the name of Suttaby.
For substantiality and taste the highest station
They hold, and now to our uprising Western Nation
I introduce their magnificent Books for Presentation.
Angels of Heaven, come forth in all their solar glories,
'Twas here I got my Byron and Adams's Allegories.
Beautiful women, Sir George Harvey's works they did adorn,
And he who rapt to brighter day the Empires of the Morn,
Heber, bound in that morocco named from the Golden Horn.
Poets of the Nineteenth Century Suttabys impart
Nuovo Life, to Favourite English Poems and Gems of Art.
The Bindings are the miracles of which the types do speak,
In Levant, Turkey, or Elegant (extra) or Antique.

Shakespeare, who towers, Colossus-like, singly amongst men;
Sheepshanks' Gallery, Turner's Landscapes, met my ken,
With all of unconquerèd Scotland, mountain, loch, and glen.
It was they who well prepared for me Aytoun's thrilling Lays—
Poems and Ballads of Goethe, and all of Bacon's Essays,
And our good friend Sir Roundell Palmer's famous Book of Praise.
Browning Poems (Mrs. and R.), Mothers of the Wise and Good,
Poly-Lyra, Keble, Keats, Hemans, Herbert, Rogers, Hood,
Shadowy forms advanced to greet me over time's brightening flood.
Each Muse a Beatrice glowing from all the empyrean coasts,
And Heaven's Divinity shone forth, like stars through Ossian's ghosts.
Time, like an enchanted Jordan, rolled all its waves along,
Back to its primal fountains, an universe of song
That had swept in sunlight through th' world o'er many regions
broad,
Now, rapt in breezy melody, wing'd to the throne of God,
To Him whose form fills all the worlds the ever-living God.
"Permessian dews" (*Cowper*) must my heroes ever drench,
Here got I Wordsworth, Wilberforce, and all the deeds of Trench
Loved sons of light, through many climes and ages far renown'd,
Your spirits well may beam in smiles to see your books thus bound.
And what must greatly add value to any collection,
When for public or private use here is made selection,
Pallas inspired, and the famed brothers Art's proud fane have built;
The prosy volumes are blind-tooled the deathless poets gilt.
What came upon Yankee pirates like to a sirocco?
Why! the appearance of their Books, bound in best morocco.
O Muse! thy solar ardour the minstrel may not resist
In our Bibliotheca Canadensis is their List.
With no other Establishment in London could I find
High Art and Literature so intimately combined.
But R. & A. Suttaby's vols. had gone with us before,
From Atlantic's sunrise borders to Niagara's roar.

BEMROSE & SONS,

Publishers, 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON,
and IRONGATE, DERBY.

Visioned in mental light many a gem rose,
Lustrous through the family of Bemrose;
Their Tales, Novels, and all their Literature,
Emblem the air of Canada light and pure.
Their Guides are aye our lights, so calm and steady,
More are in the Press, others now are ready.
Handy Book, A Manual of Wood Carving,
I took to the Forest villas of Il'Arving.

Hail! for ill Design for us hath no seductions,
Here we have with Practical Instructions
Fret Cutting and Perforated Carving, these
Shall charm our best families o'er the seas;
Wood Carving, the delight of many an age,
As a college theme the minstrel did engage;
'Tis now being revived, and these later days
Brighten as they ring aloud with Bemrose' praise.
Rapt by enchantment, behold the wonders start
To life! Wood Parables, Miracles in Art,
Fibrous Harmonies, they in mysterious anthems speak,
And to th' *orecchio mentale* in eloquence they speak.
The Bemrose name long generations must endure,
Renowned in Science and varied Literature.
And Serials evolving light, like some ethereal fons,
Through thy Intelligence display'd, Messrs. Bemrose and Sons.
Say, can Brigand spawn, or English landed vulture,
Deny us heaven with Glenny's Floriculture?
From the Muse a full attention all their titles claim,
She in a longer lay will soon repeat each name
Historical; Biographical enlists
Attention, History o' the Primitive Methodists.
Hark! the yellings of the foemen now invade the skies,
These people will not swear, but tell most woeful lies.
Theological and Church Works with Bemrose they are there,
And th' Arranged as said Edition of the Book of Common Prayer.
The same spirit that inspired Oliver by the Loir
Ever animates my Heroes in Music of the Choir.
The Archæological! too fond to be forgotten,
Here is all of Derbyshire, I have *The Peak* by Cott[illegible].
Now, with the Monthly Diary (Annual) in 12 parts,
Enterprise to every bus'ness station, and Homestead starts.
What wrapt the Bard in such an intensity of pleasure, he
Lost awhile the power of speech, no words to measure he
Found, the magnitude of feeling—The Ladies' Treasury.
1000 Works beside, to name them all were very long,
Titles and blissful memories upon my senses throng,
I tread not earth, but wing the air in an embodied song.
'Tis not a human form I wear, and if I still respire,
'Tis the breath of Heaven that passeth through this Living-Lyre.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE "MEN OF THE TIME" have asked me to provide a Biographical Sketch for a new edition of that work. I have chosen the Rev. President, Dr. McCaul, LL.D., Toronto, (to whom I paid a tribute in the 14th Londoniad), and if he would kindly cause a few dates to be sent, I think we could arrange the rest ourselves.

ROBERT CANTON,

Printer and Publisher, 22 and 23, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. Poetical Cards, Birthday Cards Perfumed Sachets, Book Marks, Needle Cases, Conversation Cards, Ball Programmes, Mourning Cards, &c., &c., &c. Valentines, and Christmas and New Year's Stationery, Note Paper, Envelopes, Christmas Packets, Christmas Book Marks, Illuminations, Printed Show Cards, Borders, Wedding Cards, Envelopes, &c.

In England Revisited, delighted I descant on,
A name well known throughout the world to fame, Robert Canton;
And what the uprising generation very much regards,
Are my Hero's lovely Poetical and Birthday Cards.
A Happy New Year, A Merry Christmas; and here I mark
The Robin Red Breast, which is his beautiful trademark.
"Immortal Amaranth" (John Milton), and the Bay entwines
The eminent Printer and Publisher for Valentines.
Since I on English Soil first my pilgrim foot did plant on,
For Christmas and New Year's Stationery the name of Canton
As well as for the style of Printing, Colour, and Design,
And perfect adaptation, I've found doth England here outshine.
To Him continually are being mighty orders sent
Over every Ocean, from every Isle and Continent.
Our Princess Ruton-ye-wee-me, her Arrows and Hatchets
Threw away, and bought new bows and Canton's Perfumed Sachets,
Book Marks and Needle Cases, all favourtes of the Bards.
Ball Programmes we hail, Birthday, Conversation, Mourning Cards,
Thousands of Deeds beside, each nation the palm to Him awards.
With so much avidity Robert Canton's works are sought,
—Some London firms do that which in conscience they never ought;
Their works,—instead of placing their own mark always upon the same,
They often put to theirs inferior Robert Canton's name.
He is famous for Coloured Portraits and Illustrations;
All are eagerly sought after by enlightened nations.
In other lands and languages I heard what's now rehearsed,
That he, towering o'er the living age, sublimely stands the first

---

THOMAS F. NEWELL,

FOREIGN PAPER MANUFACTURER. DEPÔT: 7 and 8, CLOAK LANE, QUEEN STREET, LONDON, E.C. MANUFACTORY: 5, RUE MANTEL, PARIS.

Tracing Papers: Henri's Improved, highly recommended for Transparency and Strength. Sole Manufacturer of the Celebrated "Encres Nationales" of Paris, of which the "Encre violette communicative" is known and appreciated throughout the commercial world.

"What see you in those Papers," this in Henry V. I scan,
(Shakespeare) Its first use in Memphis,– Isidorus, Lucan;
All know Franklin's I em on Paper, mine own a college strain,
Paper through every clime I traced to Imperial Seine,
And "Royal Tower'd Thame," No. 7 and 8, Cloak Lane.
What light irradiates our age, it is the mental jewel
That animated, moves, and breathes in Thomas F. Newell;
And the world enlightening Muse what did not escape her,
Science' Coryphæus in all relating to Paper.
At 5, Rue Mantel I did first to that knowledge attain,
Which inspired me in visiting 7 and 8, Cloak Lane.
—Finest Angoulême worthy a strain entirely Sapphic,
Papers German, Letter, and Printing, and Photographic.
Searching for a little house, this is not the one you seek,
Unless you choose to do business, £500 per week.
In the proper way to do this I'll you instruct full soon
I left Him £1,500 one pleasant afternoon.
Belgian Printing, et cætera, Copying, Tracing,
With those our New Dominion I'll now be after gracing.
Yankee Papers? "Bonds," "Certificates," and Greenbacks I crammed
In theca pulvinaria! Hail Papers Filagrammed.
We've lately ousted all from the so-called United States,
Here are Arms, Designs, Inscriptions for Share Certificates,
Bankers' and Merchants' Letter Paper (He all outshines.)
In great variety "Papiers de luxe" Fancy Designs
From Thomas F. Newell for the West. different kinds I took
(The commonest News I oust), especially that the Finest Book.
Oh, very long was I in discovering, and at length,
By testing, I found that which for transparency and strength
Excelleth all other Tracing Paper, Henri's Improved,
This alone I found as I through the New Dominion roved;
And that Mr. Newell of this kind is Sole Purveyor
To the Government and each Colonial Surveyor.
He, too, of the "Encres Nationales" is the maker sole,
His "Encre Violette," famed from the Equator to the Pole,
Now round Argo with her Cargo doth glad Atlantic roll.

Varied colour, miraculous texture, endless design, copes
No House in the World with this for the lovely in Envelopes,
Papers for all life's accidents and changes, ne'er forget
Shall I the floriated, geometrical, and set.
Emblazoned relief and Water Mark, 1,000 deeds beside,
Cities and Empires, Sciences and Arts, Personified :
Yea ! Monograms in wondrous impress he to me supplied,
The Heraldic, Emblem, Symbol, Attribute, He hath them all—
Wherewith to depincture the Indicative Historical,
And General and Particular Allegorical.
Colours all as from the Prismatic Spectrum or Rainbow,
And texture reminding us of Artists like Gerard Dow.
I can only take one from 'mong 300 stationers,
And in choosing the tasteful who shall say the Minstrel errs.
He makes for those who supply the world, in Americ' known
The acclaim of millions filleth the orient with his renown.
His fame permeates the Universe, and hath so bereft
Creation of other sound, there's no room for Echo left.
Nothing would so much delight me, e'er venturing o'er the main,
As a visit to his Manufactory on the Seine.

ESTABLISHED 1813.

ALFRED R. DORRINGTON & CO.,

ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD, LITHOGRAPHERS AND GENERAL PRINTERS, 22, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C. Illustrative Engravings of Figures, Animals, Landscapes, Marine Views, Portraits, Buildings, Archæological Discoveries, or Remains, Coats of Arms, Seals, Autographs, Plans of Estates, Maps, Fac-similes, &c., &c.

Office of All the Year Round, Wellington Street, Strand.
Saturday, 12th November, 1865.

DEAR SIRS,—You have sent me some admirable specimens of your wood engraving, and I have not the least hesitation in *highly recommending your work*, after inspecting the excellent productions returned with this.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Now. Pioneer of Art Literature, James Torrington
Spencer Lidstone, what will you say of Messrs. Dorrington ?
I'll say this, never yet beyond the Occidental main,
Bore I aught to be compared to their deeds in Chancery Lane,
And that no Artists in Britain do to such heights attain.

It is not your common newspapers that proclaim their worth,
But men whose births New Eras flash o'er renovated Earth.
They're preparing for me an Imperial Folio,
Illustrative of the Arts now in Lodge d'Olio;
And I'm convinced that no Artists, in any age or land,
Ever before this took such a mighty Volume in hand.
Yea, more! that no Work issued, by a Private Gentleman,
Of equal value did ever the living nations scan.
It is true the Corsican, on an Imperial Throne,
Caused to be issued the Muséé Napoleon.
This, no doubt, the vanity of our neighbours flattered,
But he had stolen them, and now again they're scattered.
Before giving orders elsewhere it were well to obtain
Estimate and Specimen ☞ 22, Chancery Lane.
They have challenged competition with every other houses,
And while they sublimely tower'd, others sank in Lethe souse;
Their Illustrations Drawn and Engraved for me on Wood,
Entranc'd our advancing Millions over the evening flood.
For Books, Magazines, their Art doth Great Patronage secure
—Periodicals in all classes of Literature
Here are, and th' Muse the assumed laurel from each other strips;
Original Subjects Designed from Author's MSS.
Illustrations for Architectural Engineering,
See through this how they're to the acme of perfection nearing:
Mechanical, Agricultural, Botanical, and
Medical Works, such have made them renowned in every land.
Accuracy of detail essentially requisite,
With a feeling and Art achievement that are exquisite.
Bird of Jove like, beyond ye olden time my soul hovers
Over our Dorringtons' Embellishments for Book Covers.
We oust the Yankee's now so badly they're behaving,
Here hail Estimates for every kind of Wood Engraving.
Their mildew breath of ceaseless lies their own character blasts,
Hither we hie for Stereotype and Electrotype casts.
Electros they guarantee to print equally as good,
In every respect as their Engraving upon Wood;
No, nor need we ever the draughts of scenes unto them fetch,
For by our great Wood Engravers are Artists sent to sketch.
We know that which through the nations is now coming in vogue,
Oratory of Art, the Illustrated Catalogue.
By which intending Purchasers the objects may survey,
In their own homes and climes many thousands of leagues away.
To newly-awakened Empires I my Heroes mention,
As giving to each department Personal Attention.

I HAVE adapted the letter **C** as the distinctive symbol of the New Canada Confederacy to the form of a lyre, evolving rays, each province to have a string. A poetical description of Canada's arms appears in the 12th Londoniad.

OLD PAINTINGS,

201, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

From the immense number of valuable Works of Art that are annually destroyed by injudicious treatment, MR. WATSON, ARTIST and PICTURE RESTORER, of 201, PICCADILLY, LONDON, OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S HALL, respectfully invites all who value their Pictures to call at his Establishment and judge for themselves as to his capability of undertaking the Restoration of all Works of Art, however much defaced by time or otherwise.

Paintings transferred from Wood to Canvass, and from decayed Canvass to new, upon a new, superior, and unerring principle.

N.B.—Valuable Testimonials can be produced, and specimens may always be seen.

Established Thirty years.

I could not help, in London, taking for my hero that son
Of Art in matchless might array'd, Squire E. Façon Watson.
In him our connoiseurs, the greatest and most renown'd,
Have at length in high pre-eminence a Restorer found,
While the merest novizio in matters of Art must
Know the ill consequences accruing if they trust
(Lemures abroad!) their mental deities to vulgar hands,
But here the ardorous nations flock from their exulting lands,
Where no abortion of Art or Artist the patron shames,
To get the true Florentine, as I did, and other Frames.
Some wondrous, unvalued works I took to him from far,
Disfigured by the scath of years, the storms and fires of war,
And some, alas! that the Vandal, hell-blasted Yankee tore,
Watson, like a new creator, did all for me Restore;
Next to Manito, said Ta-pa-ta-mee, him I adore.
Such were the glories that he on our colony conferred,
He our paintings from wood to canvass readily transferred.
(Thou art the Great Regenerator! thy spirit doth embue
With Eternity's being), from decay'd canvass to the new;
All this upon nuovo; and, need I to the nations tell
Our Watson's superior and unerring principle.
Not all the Botanists of which the enlightened read,
From Gesner, Cæsalpinus, to the illustrious Swede,
Traversing whatever realm, or vale, or region hilly,
Excell'd in this science my hero of Piccadilly.
Had E. Façon Watson chosen, he might have ventured forth
Bearing on his brow the brightest coronet of the North.
This was but his due, and can our famed Art-champion trace,
His pedigree, adorned with many a chivalrous grace,
Through many a "noble line," to England's Ancient Royal Race.
But see all the fires of chivalrous ages driven
Back in the cloudy time before a single ray from Heaven,

Through Arts Archimandrita where'er mine eyes I turn,
Myriad spirit-deeds in splendours serafico burn.
Had E. F. Watson the power, as I know he hath the will,
He would with new systems and suns another creation fill.
Perhaps in progressive ages he may have the power;
Then! new worlds in corruscations through Nature's void will shower.
May I not swear that his foliage each a living Plant is,—
There move the antennæ, eyes, thorax, wings of the Mantis.
He restored my world-famed picture, Canada L'Avenir,
Which, when viewed by our surveyor, Mr. Tavernir,
(For we had just suspended "the gem" outside our Shanty,
'Round which scenes of pioneer toil were by no means scanty).
He, with some of this or last year's Emigrants in his train,
Took it for a rival of the veritable Taprobane,
Or some new country in the midst of a fresh-water main;
(So have I known in England some self-absorbed wight pass
On to greet himself, 'stead of another, in looking-glass);
Crossing the Bridge, as they thought, that spann'd the intervening flood,
They come immediately to where our early dwelling stood;
Surprised, our travellers, as with one sentiment endued,
Exclaimed, like the man in the play, "Hope we don't intrude?"
"No, indeed! you're welcome! no such word as intrusion;
You've drawn hither by Watson's *Optical Illusion.*
The picture must have appear'd, as old Izaak Walton says
Of a certain scene in Nature, fit but for holidays,
And much unlike the legend, Diavolo looking over
Lincoln (Watson's native shire); or when he did discover
Eden's abode, or Tchittram, seen by Glamour Pasco,
Or when ye "prophet" looked upon enchanted Demasco.
His, married with the Lowther race, and 'tis no idle word
To say that if Right ruled in our day, he would be a present Lord.*
But these things 'rose midst the lurid glare of a Middle Age;
The light of Heaven and Intellect doth me now engage.
Still, down through long generations, from sire to son, we trace,
Where he, too, was born, in the old Historic Hubbard's place.
No more we say, with Thomas Hood, "Oh, for the rarity!"
For we behold at Horncastle "Watson's Charity."
Many so-called Royal Artists to grasp perfectitude
In miraculous power, as with Nature imbued
Have striven, through long burning years of ardour to attain,
What th' Immortal E. F. Watson doth by intuition gain.
Thus bears my Pégasus, like Hippocampi filly,
Through Time's unfathomed seas, etern Arts from Piccadilly.

* His Elder Brother should have been the Marquis of Rockingham.

SALMON, ODY & CO.

PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSSES, REQUIRING NO UNDERSTRAP OR ANY OTHER CONFINEMENT TO THE BODY, Manufacturer to His late Majesty William the 4th, 292, STRAND, LONDON.

Established 1805.—N.B. Special terms for Shipping Orders.

THE Surgeon, Builder, Navigator, Botanist,
Truss each in his respective science doth the term enlist,
But we greet this now from those in whom all place reliance,
Called by learned men, *par excellence*, the Kindly Science.
Others never named before the minstrel hath derided,
And chooses that from all the world, The Opposite Sided;
It is made by the Illustrious firm, Salmon, Ody,—
And no understrap requires, nor confinement of the body.
To unscientific hands our forms we'll not be trusting,
While we can get here the English and French Self-adjusting.
A full description I send out, which you will greatly prize,
And here are directions to increase and decrease the size;
And, still further on, you'll see in Illustrations course,
You have directions to increase or to decrease the force.
Muse! not to "the ringing plains of windy Troy," nor Ilium;
(They supplied his late Majesty, England's King 4th William),
Thou takest those of mental greatness for thy Heroes,
And not the savages of a world antique, or modern Nero's.
More than Colossus-like, our glorious House doth stand,
Salvation's beacon light unto every distant land
Lo! their Manufactory ☞ 292, in the Strand,
Both to the Army and Navy our Firm doth aid afford,
Navy and Military Hospitals, and Transport Board,
Th' East Company defunto, held them in regard.
Now, as then, th' Marine Infirmary, Ordnance, each Dockyard,
The much be-thanked City of London Truss Society,
And other Benevolo—,' aye, in great variety,
The Middlesex and St. George's Hospitals never vary
To lessening orders, nor the General Penitentiary,
Infirmaries, Brixton, Westminster, Marylebone,
Windsor, Wiveliscombe, deal with our Illustrious firm alone.
Bristol, Denbigh, Northampton, Peterborough, Bedford, and
Montgomeryshire Infirmaries hie hither to the Strand.
All these shall the Muse of science and each coming age confess
Are worth more than all your so-called "notices of the press,"
Where Idealess, cowards, behind the screen cut capers,
Lucubrating for those bestial sheets called Newspapers.

THE CARRARA MARBLE, AND IMPERIAL MONUMENTAL WORKS.

MESSRS. GAFFIN,

Sculptors, 63, Quadrant, Regent-street, W
Kensington-place, and Page-street, Westminster, S.W.

The Enlightened courtesy of the ever-honoured sire,
Might every Muse, and every Art, and every Age, inspire.
To the Carrara Marble Works I turn, and all the while
Proclaim the greatest glory of the Imperial isle,
That glows over England in ev'ry Sacred Pile;
Not only this, but those who mourn of Friends the loss,
Or at the Equator, or underneath the Southern Cross,
Yea, in whatever region of the habitable earth,
With kindliest feeling hailing my Art Heroes' worth.
When any of our relatives aye seek their "native sky,"
We to this Illustrious House for Memorials apply.
The sire, in far history, will loom midst the floods of time,
A landmark to adventurous genius in every clime,
While, as from the rock that Moses smote, or classic fons,
Enlightenment irrigates the world through his tasteful sons.
Thus far, O Muse! the Londoniad, that takes no riff-raff in,
Shall bear through millennial centuries the name of Gaffin.
And here I beheld great workings wondrously design'd,
Which in conceptive majesty left half the world behind;
And monuments that well might vie with a Mausoleum,
And deeds of mind that might adorn Cathedral or Odeum.
Through aisles of monumental Art I tread,
Where each long buried age uplifts its head.
Symbolism, Accessories, and Attributes
All Learning here each wonder-deed salutes.
By mental divination they seem anon to start,
And leap to life, and realise each *early Christian* Art.
Here I behold the Hierarchies in varied relief,
And single form or multitude that won on my belief
That I amongst the Apostles, Martyrs, and Prophets roved,
Who full of light and fiery life around the minstrel moved;
And if I strike the loudest lyre that ever thrilled our times,
'Tis Messrs. Gaffin thy works inspire,—they rapt the Bard in distant climes.
Their fame is rising o'er the world, our age's morning star,
And distant nations hail them now, and mighty races far.
The glorious works that they prepared through silent years and long,
Entrance our generation, and claim the deathless song:
And the uplifted voice hath in our day confest
That of Architectural Sculptors now living, they're the best
Here shall the Periclesian ere come,
In classic air to grace our English home;

Through aisles of monumental art we tread,
Rare works commemorative of the dead.
Lo, tombs! though unlike those in which are hid,
Their builders' names in pomp of pyramid;
Or where Severus and Hadrian lay
In thoughtless state, and Rome's meridian day.
But wonder equally of art illumes,
As the Pompeian street, and Xanthian temple tombs.
Not the costliness that eastern kings surrounds,
Or buried nations in their western mounds,
Altars! pulpits! fonts! I most fondly deem.
These the blest burden of a future theme.
That which did from Claudianus' mighty genius spring
They sculptured for me, Atlas, Mauritania's Titan King,
As he appeared 'midst the battle-storm of the Gigantes,
Crown'd with a world, and in his hoary locks the roaring seas.
I looked again, Penntelicus, enlivened from its base,
Had sprung to life in all the forms of grace,
Yea, their works are all sublime, no objects here of daffin,
Lo! the mystery of existence 'solved by Messrs. Gaffin.
Like spirit that in duress of human form hath striven,
The marble once loosed from earth becomes informed by Heaven.
Let those who in aught of human life a rising star kwiss,
Reflect how Ophiuchus may antitype a Marquis.
Hope (*vide* Campbell) with Creation's Morning began to smile,
And shall in the last day "light her torch at nature's funeral pile."
Hesiod, Apollodorus, Pausanias, erewhile,
Too C. Jul. Hyginus did with the classics fill my mind
They tell us that diseases flew abroad on every wind,
Pandora's box once opened, but Hope was left behind.
Youth blighted in its blossom, and yet was not all a loss,
Best Monument of modern time—Hope clinging to the Cross.
Air borne like Ganymedes, Loretto' fane, Byron's Cain,
Faust by Mephistopheles (please, note Goethe's wondrous strain),
Through the cities of the silent, by Cairn and Catacomb,
I through Iona pensive passed, I passed through Greece and Rome,
Thence, like an embodied tempest, tore towards England home.
To call it dead matter, sure were a misnomer,
Here I got DEMOSTHENES, and here I got my HOMER;
I realised etern' lays, again beside Scamander,
And heard Philippics uttered 'gainst the sire of Alexander
Here each *Reduce* exulting nations may command,
From works by men eminent through many an age and land.
Through open day and shade I track'd in glory
The soul emblazon'd scrolls of history,
Which here encontour'd, Gaffins' do reveal
With all the pure delights of a refined Ideal,
Art-deeds (that tell their own eventful story)

Never but with veneration may we name,—
Resuscitated epochs flame!
The whole realm of Æsthetics I discern,
While Fairy visions to Carrara turn;
And lo! Ærial music flown
From Heaven hath vitalised the stone,
Such Harmony as winged the Morning of the Earth,
And early sang the Great Creation into birth.

C. HAMPTON,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF THE COMPRESSED PIANOFORTE, 74, CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, W. Established 1851.

In far lands and earlier days I used the Harpsichord
Miglioramento, doth now more with my soul accord
All shades o' th' *piano* and *forte*, or softly gentle, and th' low,
Or the strong and forcible we to our Charles Hampton owe.
The tone produced by hammers upon the strings more truly thrills
Our spirits than the old harpsichord's harshly-scratching quills.
The adventurous Muse of Art and Science felt cramp on
Her Pegasus until she visited Mr. Hampton.
In London I beheld many, and it must be confessed,
I saw no rival—nothing to equal Hampton's Compressed.
I could now have wished that our generous Kingstonese had
Given Lady J. A., this, stead of the unseemly "Iron Clad."
Where art thou now? 'tis to be hoped thou'rt gone on Glory's trac(t),
To awake tones in Heaven, Piano Fox o' Frontenac.
Still, henceforth every Canada Delegate that resorts
To London will hie hither to Charles for his Piano Fortes;
And in the prima visite they will readily scan
As I did in my hero, the genial gentleman.
'Tis well known that Charles Hampton hath for others fortunes made.
Here I'll mention (*sub rosa*), 'tis he who supplies "the Trade."
To Him may be fully traced all the Prize Medals given
From the Exhibition '51, ay! down to '67;
And all the while, though gaining prizes for so very many,
Those 'neath his own Domes are acknowledged the best of any;
And whenever his genius doth the New to a world reveal,
Which is often, the others do but beg, borrow, or steal;
But by going to Him at the Head Quarters we must infer
That the over-plus paid to the non-manufacturer
Is saved. Pianofortes, to the number of 75
I had from Him, Upper Canada saw them safe arrive,
You shall have many more next season if I do but live.

"A Penny for your thoughts, Charley," Catlin said to his Horse,
This altered of our Friend Charles Hampton his entire life's course.
Well, Mr. Bard. what from all this would you have us infer ?
Why, that our harmonious Charles was no common carpenter.
He, like Matthew Prior, Inigo Jones, and Stephen Duck,
Guided by Spirit-light, out a new line of action struck.
Trace Art History, the greatest Improvements ever made
Were not made by those who spent seven long years to a trade.
This may suit well enough the slow and easy going, the humdrum
Mental Sluggard fated "never to thrive" senseless earth scum;
But that man who feeleth the God within him wings the days
Of life, or walks enlightning through the world evolving rays.
Men of high intrinsic talent, with light and force of mind,
Conceive and carry out great thoughts, and new inventions find.
I suppose, genius runs through the family, this the solution;
Johnson calls Hampden the zealot of the Revolution,
John hath been panegyrized, and by adverse muses sung,
From that landmark in history our veritable spring.
Invented 1860, what caused a great emotion
At ye International (?) Novelty of Construction.
There 'mong the *savans* of the world it met with high regard,
Being for such, in that eventful time, *the only* Award,
Years roll their gulf stream on, and as the novelty ceases,
The recognition of the Great Invention increases.
Every Instrument is warranted first class and made
On Charles Hampton's Premises by of steam power the aid;
And by him the Newest Mechanical Appliances
Are brought to bear upon this, the first of sciences.
My hero himself doth personally superintend,
Physical aid and mental to each department doth lend.
His stock of well-selected materials for extent,
I found altogether unequalled on each Continent,
To him as unpaid Representative my aid is lent.

ARMY AND NAVY CONTRACTORS.

BRYAN, BROTHERS & CO.,

CURRIERS, JAPANNERS, AND LEATHER MERCHANTS, Manufacturers of Military Head Dresses, Accoutrements, Millbands, Leather Hose, Fire Buckets, &c., 9, DACRE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Established 100 Years.

The triune family firm we hail, the Sire long ago
Supplied Upper Canada e'er 'twas called Ontario.
Curriers, Japanners, all Yankeedom put together,
Could not equal in goodness our famous House for Leather.

Our people never have, nor ever your Minstrel goes,
To any low, unclassical region for Firemen's Hose.
Here I found the best and most perfect of its name
That ever in London under my observation came.
By many an experiment and philosophic test,
They have ascertained the processes acknowledged as best.
I assure you, seeing the Brothers' straps, that I at least,
For such will never go unto St. George's-in-the-East,
Had there been no other east in the time of Our Saviour,
Wise men had never charmed the world by good behaviour.
For light or heavy work the worthy Brothers' Leather Bands
Rule in all the Mills throughout our giant Occidental lands.
Enlightened enterprise from that bright clime doth hither hie,
Through this, our Fire Companies, the famed Brothers do supply;
And I may mention in the third Sixteenth Londoniad,
Firemen in the West are not pecuniarily paid;
But they enter the arena with their spirits rapt to flame,
And dare the uproarous elements—Salvation and fame.
Each Fire Company looks upon its Engine as a pet
Animal, their hearts are so entirely upon it set;
And often over the bright inland seas they sail away
On interchangeable visits many a joyous day;
And then again the pioneer Bard with glistening eye recals
Their deeds, their reunions, their conversations, and their Balls
And at the last great turn out that we had in Ontario,
The general theme was Messrs. Bryan Brothers & Co.
There was present the fierce Senator from Nantucket's
Harbour, mild for once, praised their Leather Hose and Fire Buckets.
Their Accoutrements many a Government confesses,
And all polite nations hail their Military Head Dresses.
Our generous Militia saith—Oh, bless them for ever :—
To our Regiments every season they their Goods deliver,
As they are now engaged preparing for the Red River.
Militia of Upper Canada, none ever saw the day
In which thou didst not triumph o'er Yankees in the fray.
In the grand language of the Prophet, they before you fled
Like chaff before the wind when its wings are spread;
And the down of the thistle the whirlwind before;
Your triumphs UPPER CANADA through times of yore,
When the Bloody *Stars and Stripes*, like lions, down you tore.
This Eminent Firm not all the work on outsiders shelves,
But many giant Halls attest they do the work themselves.
Hence, 'tis the Muse of Science now the palm on them confers,
Army and Navy Contractors, the real Manufacturers,
To whom doth the Mother Country and each Colony assign
The highest place, to the Immortal Princes of their line,
S.W. District, Westminster, Dacre Street, No. 9.

PATENT WOOLLEN CLOTH COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS OF FELT CARPETS, TABLE COVERS, TABLINGS, &c., 8, LOVE LANE, ALDERMANBURY, LONDON. At ELMWOOD MILLS, LEEDS; and BOROUGH ROAD MILLS, LONDON.

Over time shall the muse of Arts ascend in gloria
And trumpet to every sphere the Royal Victoria,
The only kind that I to our New Dominion bring
Is the Royal Victoria Matchless Felt Carpeting.
On this planet I've seen a good deal of Felted deeds,
But I award the highest palm to Elmwood Mills and Leeds.
Although Leeds may have had but slight political renown,
It is acknowledged, I believe, as England's fifth town;
And lo, the everlasting Muse, bending from her seat on
A Zodiacal throne, sees Clio (!) thy name Smeaton
Not on the sands of time she traces and but partly,
Nor thine, Benjamin Wilson, Drs. Priestley, and Hartley.
But in characters of living light all your glories blent,
Stream from this cold Northern Isle over every Continent.
Spirits yet uncreated shall light themselves to flame,
Vide Abraham Cowley, to each we say, "Leeds prop'd his fame."
Leeds hath, indeed, the higher fame that follows Arts of Peace,
Witness what saith John Dyer, in his famous poem, *The Fleece*,
Which I learned in Canada 'midst the Thousand Isles erewhile,
"While around hillock and valley, farm and village, smile,
And ruddy roofs and chimney tops appear, Of busy Leeds,"
Arts are Eternal such alone your Western Minstrel heeds.
I th' Texture and Colours admire, no lovelier e'er rode
Over acclaiming waves; and London, Borough Road;
And what is it that the weird eloquence of Design declares
To a marvelling age? Why! our Company's Bordered Squares.
Lo, a blended form Pallas and Mercurius hovers
O'er, and in electric being informs the Table Covers.
Sofa Carpets, Rugs, Cloth for Curtains are in my indents,
Speaking commercially, for on our Public Works the Tents,
Beyond those of Massachusetts, our Company's I choose,
Which hath a world's fame (in prospective) Cloth for Boots and Shoes.
Tritons sound your Murex Shells, o'er roseate ocean pass
We now, with unrivalled Specimens for Polishing Glass,
&c., that for Saddle Cloth (who heeds Yankee twaddle?)
This alone in portageing would serve us as a Saddle.
I'll not name that sent out of late and used for Boiler Paddings
But I greatly welcome their unrivalled Gun Waddings.
They are in their extensive line never to be undone;
Yea, they are the only Manufacturers in London;
And now to them alone the Bard, from Number 8, Love Lane,
Opens up an hundred markets over the Sunset Main.

T. GRABHAM,

HAT, CAP, BONNET, AND DRAPERS' STAND MANUFACTURER, 24 & 26, WHITFIELD STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD. Brass Fittings for Windows and Measures for Counters.

T. Grabham, "Phœbus what a name!" Still I choose him 'bove the rest,
As Drapers' Stand Manufacturer, the Oldest and the Best.
Like the Dutch Mariner in Guy Mannering, he's not ashamed
Of his name, and why should he, not only through Britain famed,
But in every country from the rising to the setting day,
And though others fain would steal our T. Grabham's name away,
Exalted, unshaken, a human Dhwalagiri he stands,
And ripples the Banner of the Morning into distant lands.
His worthy Wife an interest takes, and 's ever busy there,
To our 150 Prospective Millions declare
I their Three Houses joined in one Whitfield Street, Fitzroy Square.
Art glories that have carried T. Grabham to renown
Had brought in George Whitfield's days the Archangel Gabriel down.
No mere solitary hierarch now leaves the blest abodes,
A locomotive mania hath seized even the Gods;
And as thick as spirits erst dancing on a needle point
They throng to Whitfield Street my blessed hero to anoint.
Wonder, T. Grabham hath all accessories on hand,
When he thus can resources of ethereal powers command.
Yea, I beheld his large stock of every kind of Stand,
Consisting of the newest, and eke ye latest design,
For which London and the World him highest place assign.
From meridian Isles to the morning clime of Calcutta,
Around by th' setting,—he in every grand display doth put a
Variety of Stand, every imaginable shape,
From the classic, to grotesque, which set the natives all agape.
Oh, for the genius that inspired Glover's songs of Hoosier's Ghost,
Then, then would I proclaim T. Grabham's works a countless host.
Each Stand is like a labarum of the Eternal Arts,
To all he and his wife taste and Philosophy imparts.
While ill destiny on the opponent down cometh souse,
T. Grabham's extending business adding house to house.
From those unrivalled soul-entrancing specimens seeing,
I rapt all their rising associations into being.
I asked how Saul's innocent daughter Michal behavèd,
When she saw the rhythmical motion of ye King David.
The stuffed Chevals had joined in terpsichoræan canters,
And from their blocks had leaped Lansdowne's British Enchanters.
I noted how Chancellor Campbell's umbra did caress
Each statuesque form because it happened to have a dress.
I caught "Plain John," that Modern Midas, by his donkey ear,
His braying was like to crack "the visible diurnal sphere."

Upon the verge of his merited limbo, I bade him go
And roam the wilds like to the legendary buffalo.
There you are free to wander withouten lash or rein,
Sleepless, unresting as Wodenblock and Frankenstein.
In the Juvenile Department unsurpassed are his Stands,
High intellect is here the guide of very tasteful hands;
And now with T. Grabham's deeds, which through this terrene prevail,
I ride on high careering seas, urged by a westering gale,
To supply the New Dominion, or Wholesale or Retail.

JOHN HARPER, KING & CO.,

9, UNION COURT, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

IRONFOUNDERS, PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF LOCKS, LATCHES, BOLTS, AND BUILDERS' IRONMONGERY IN GENERAL. Malleable Iron Castings. Manufactory: ALBION WORKS, WILLENHALL, SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

I did not to the Midlands, but to the London office go
Of th' Albion Works, Proprietors, John Harper, King & Co.,
To whom through entire confidence are very large demands
Transmitted over every sea from all enlightened lands;
They have in their employ I cannot say how many hands,
But their equal in England it were vain to seek,
They pay in wages alone £1,000 per week.
Their works are well through all civilized nations known,
For Metallic Art they bear the prime laurel of renown.
Their solid-end Tower Bolts, Sash Pulleys, Bed Keys reached over shores,
With the Registered Thumb and Norfolk Latches from their Stores,
They've outdone the Yankees, who think themselves very witty,
From No. 9, Union Court, Old Broad Street, in ye City.
Here for Public Convenience, and thus I saluted,
All orders by our firm are promptly executed.
Yea, from hence our vast supplies we now readily obtain
For our uprising colonies over the Western Main.
At the same rate (doth space or time their enterprise restrict?)
And discount as at their famed Works in the Midland District.
Never saw I yet deeds from Yankeedom to Match
John Harper, King, & Co.'s Registered Malleable Thumb Latch.
Hither we hie, and not as erst to Mussachusetts' dolts,
For South American, for French and for other Door Bolts,
We've ousted Boston scuts and skunks, and ye knickerbockers,
Hail Locks, Latches, Sash Pulleys, Signal do., Door Knockers.
From Gaspé Morning border to the Solar Mountain Gulley,
Greet we the variously numbered Improved Frame Pulley;
And my famous Heroes' Patent field and Hunting-gate Latch,
We ever use in Frontier Warfare each live Yank to catch.

In our Great Manufacturing Firm you see no shoppy Holts',
Being, as they are, the acknowledged Principal Makers of Bolts
For North and South America, avaunt Schienk and Ongers,
Make way for England's unrivalled Builders' Ironmongers.
I, who believe in the Philosophy of Pythagoras,
Saw the Old Metallic Gods personified in Thunder pass
Th' Desert ages, from off electric thrones they did inherit
From Eternity, with shapes held sacred to merit.
Thence, through progressive cycles saw them rejuvenant spring
Inhabiting the forms, renowning it in John Harper, King
And Co. Thus, for our rising Towns and Cities of the West,
Messrs. John Harper, King & Co., I choose above the rest.
Those who for their Castings do a wide-world fame environ,
England's unrivalled Founders in Malleable Iron.

HARDING'S

Flexible Roofing for covering Houses, Sheds, Farm-Buildings, &c., One Penny per Square Foot, Zinc Nails 5d. per lb., Dressing 2s. 6d. per gallon, used by the English and Foreign Governments, Railway Companies, Metropolitan Board of Works, &c. Samples and Testimonials Free. Silver Medal, Amsterdam, 1869, JAMES HARDING, Sole Patentee, 20, NICHOLAS LANE, LONDON, E.C.

I rose in dream intent on gathering Yankee scalps,
And saw what emblem'd out a morning sun dawning o'er the Alps,
I thought that Dian' had left the sky to woe her Endymion,
And the Muse like Spenser's Una was riding the (British) Lion.
'Twas but the *lumiere cendrée* that wrap'd the banks of Marding,
Shantys bianco cavalo, the rest we owe to Harding.
The phenomena to his Steam Works, Limehouse and West Ham,
He who took the Silver Medal last year at Amsterdam.
The Muse all other systems now discarding,
For Roofing turns to Squire Jacobus Harding.
Beside the great expense, I do not think
So portable is Montagne Zinc.
" O my prophetic soul, mine uncle " fated,
Through you to hail the best, you early stated
A failure is sheet iron corrugated,
Such and more aside for ever casting,
I the more convenient choose and longer lasting,

Above all systems of Waterproofing,
I choose James Harding's Flexible Roofing,
For our Buildings. He not the mere factor,
Manufacturer and Government Contractor.
City Office ☞ 20, Nicholas Lane.
From hence we supply our 4,000,000 o'er the main.
Long I on this triumph of science mused,
Found that at the Woolwich Arsenal 'twas used.
Chatham, Haulbowline, and other Dockyards,
Progress, this alone throughout the world regards.
The triumph of manufacture in our time,
And hail'd as suitable for every clime.
Too, in more languages than one I'll write and tell,
Uninflamable, Clean, Strong, Durable.
I'll describe its every application
Throughout our new Hesperian nation.
To make known all the rare advantages
Of Harding's Flexible Roofing th' Muse engages,
Acknowledged by civilised existence,
In pre-eminent degree to distance
Competition, sole of my selections,
I give you here the requisite directions.
James Harding, like Ossian's Hero appears,
To tell the "tale o' life in deeds, and not in years."
"Visions of glory" (Gray) both Hemispheres,
(I speak here and now in the perspective mood),
Greet his Roofing on every land and flood.
I would advance to the height of glory,
Canada, place her first in History;
And I believe in Reciprocity;
The Yank is stung now to ferocity.
We'll cease to deal with that race whom all brand
As cheats, to James we'll lend a helping hand
To bear his Roofing from the Mother-land.

BENJAMIN LATCHFORD,

BRIDLE-BIT, STIRRUP and SPUR-MAKER to HER MAJESTY and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE OF WALES, 11, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE.—Post Office Orders payable at Charing Cross.

I, with Minerva, patroness of Art, did watch ford
And flood o' time, yet saw naught pass to equal deeds of Latchford.
None in his line in Great Britain doth to such heights attain,
As the world's true benefactor, Upper St. Martin's Lane.
So far as the mere application of Leather can go,
And super-excellent work, much to Canada we owe,—
But, so far as relates to metallico appliance,
We must all go to our gentleman of kindly science;

And instead of going to the Midlands, when o'er the Main
We come, it must be to 11, Upper St. Martin's Lane.
As Bridle-Bit, Stirrup and Spur Maker, who is't prevails
O'er the Imperial Isles? Who supplies the Queen and Prince of Wales?
And soon Benjamin's products go before the Western gales;
Yea, I had often heard that every Regiment of the line
Did the palm, alone, to our great Thaumaturgus assign.
Even his personal presence a mental day imparts—
Witness the late Prince President o' the Society of Arts,
Whose memory shall ever live to bless the British nation,
Paid a tribute to him for his love of education.
In the new world I had heard his name—ay, very long before
They were the Lords of Albion in troublous days of yore,
'Till the more evil times of the English Blue Beard, Harry,
Who did, alas! many a damigella marry.
Only lately 'twas his family by the Midlands stood confest,
They through a pre-Saxon era were Bretwaldas in the West
Of England, in long after centuries, far from this isle,
Of Northern Sea, they flourished on Virginia's classic soil.
If left to itself, the chivalry of that single state
Must all accursed Yankeedom have stamped in direst fate.
(Shakespeare). "A rarer spirit ne'er did steer Humanity."
Scion of our old Royal Race, beyond the evening sea
Thou shalt arise upon our Colonial pavilions
Like a new dawn o'er the world supplying our 4,000,000's.
His Ladies' Patent Safety Stirrup I will well describe
To those of British origin, and to each native tribe.
I showed it to Prince Alescandre; when it met his ken,
He said, "'Tis equally applicable for Gentlemen."
Thus, while with his spirit o' Science mine is all ablaze,
Benjamin Latchford's most ennobling words I paraphrase.
'Tis thus: "He who kindly guards us from disaster
Dictates a Horse's Petition to his Master.

Going up-hill, use not the Whip,
Hurry me not on down-hill trip.
On Level road you need not spare.
Note, loose in stable, how I fare.
See that I hay and corn have got,
Of clean water stint me not;
Wash me not when tired and hot;
Sponge and brush upon me ply;
Let my bed be soft and dry.
And if, perchance, I'm taken ill,
Or I grow cold, do not me chill.
And, oh! when fury fires your veins,
Jerk me not with bits and reins.
When you're displeased, strike me not—
☞ Harsh words to me denote the *Sot*.

G. H. RAMSAY,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE BRICKS, FIRE TILES, GUARDS, LUMPS OR BLOCKS, RIDGE TILES, GAS RETORTS, SANITARY and other FIRE CLAY PIPING, PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL CHIMNEY TOPS, VENTS, VASES, &c., DERWENTHAUGH, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, and 80, FALCON WHARF, BANKSIDE, Established 1789. Prize Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1855.

Unlike Butler's Hero (*vide* one of his Panegyrics),
G. H. Ramsay never "brought in false accompt, with little tricks,
(He's above that), of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks."
At the Dispersion, sad Pilgrims on the plains of Shinar
Rearing Babel, would have said, "Our best bricks not half so fine are."
Such a fate be ever meted to all tyrants, say we,
As when the shallow yellow waves of the Red Sea
Overthrew Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.
The voice of a Past Age telleth of brick withouten straw,
And we have such in England here to-day at Derwenthaugh.
Like a Condor in realmless flight over a dateless time
I bound, and am once more safe return'd to my native clime.
The Muse of Arts, in lyre-like wing, saith—"Bard!" "Here I am!" "Say,
Did ever wight in any age equal G. H. Ramsay?"
"I'll tell you all about it after seeing him," I replied;
"I know that he hath, through the sciences, all the world outvied.
Him I've conversed with, and declare, more genial Callan
Ne'er blest the Earth since lived below the Immortal Allan.
Th' Hist'ry of Bricks through every age was once my college theme,—
Oh, then I roused the Classic Ages far from Thames his stream.
Forty-five ship-loads of his Bricks I lately sent away,
Substances that, in the Old World dark, millions of centuries lay,
Tower in the sun's fierce blaze over lands of the setting day.
His Sanitary Works I've sent out very recently,—
Received—Paid—all things were in order done, and decently.
You'll find a gentleman o' the world in Him, and one of mental pith,
Wise and honourable, as I did, to do business with.
Established 1789, by Newcastle-on-Tyne,
The palm on our Manufacturer We for Fire Bricks confer.
We look to the Imperial Isles And him for our Fire Tiles,
Each Exhibition th' Prize awards To G. H. Ramsay's Guards.
With heavy cargo Argo rocks On seas with Lumps and Blocks.
To adorn our Capital's piles We use but his Ridge Tiles.
His Sanitary 'nd other Clay-Piping we use for aye.

Straight pipes, half, whole, Socket-Junction (Reveals th' Muse her function).
Chimney-tops, Ornamental, Plain, Vents, Vases, here obtain.
In nostrums place no reliance ; Sanitary Science,
Thou dost save nations from the tomb, Making them newly bloom.
Cannell and Gas Coal Clay Retorts (Let the world ope its ports).
Sanitary pipes, ev'ry kind, Fire Clay goods here you'll find ;
Sanitary works meet my gaze Of Superior Glaze ;
Still all the great Gas Companies G. H. Ramsay supplies.
At Beckton, on Imperial Thames, His genius brightly flames.
Here all that you require you'll find, By his own Son design'd.
From sire to son, long ages down, Goes th' Laurel of Renown.

HENRY BEVIS,

140, Pentonville Road, London, N. School-Room Decorations, consisting of Mottoes and Inscriptions, Flags, Banners, &c.

This is what very well may all the listing nations deem
Unto the ever-ardorous Muse a most inspiring theme.
And now I introduce to all our uprising nations
My Art Hero's unrivalled School Room Decorations.
All Virtues and their Attributes throng in the sunny air,
They flush the mental day—for, oh! the Artist's soul is there!
The famous flag he made for me, like to Thalestris' plume,
Shed victory on my path, and frowned the foeman's doom
Like Uriel's pinion, it will fan the dead nations into life,
And still, in storm and battle, the elements of strife,
And ever where its folds in the New Dominion flow,
'Twere as if a thousand trumpets through the wild land did blow.
Unconquered Upper Canada! The women join our ranks,
And youth and eld advance upon those thrice-accursed Yanks—
In fiery seas they roll upon the God-forsaken Yanks.
Yea, to my immortal Hero, so young in years, I went
Ever, when I would decorate learning's hall, or tent
He supplies Mottoes, Flowers, and Flags to any extent.
First Prizes awarded at every Exhibition,
And Commissions received in every Competition.
Talk of references, forsooth! just let them come to me,
To enchantment I will rapt that sky-involving sea,
The waves of ocean in other motion, aqueous Tors,
Transform'd to a generation of mighty orators,
All voice, ascending through sounding spheres to the blest abode,
Shall direct, and all Being, to 140, Pentonville Road.
The subject of the first sheet and second did inspire,
And here I may note the silk banners are not let on Hire.

Diagrams—very well; I will not forestall conjectures—
Painted are they on Calico, by Henry, for Lectures.
For those, too, our Henry holds the highest of positions.
Show-boards and Tablets, for Shops, Bazaars, and Exhibitions.
All the Styles, the Lists of Subjects, and the varied ground
Described, will in my thirty feet square Supplement be found,
These have made my hero, even in his life, more renown'd.
At all our Temperance Meetings, at all our Bands of Hope,
For Elastic Silk Banners none with him may hope to cope.
In Columbia District I talked with Consul Crampton
Of legendary lore, and of Syre Bevis of Southampton.
And judging by the miracles "determined, dared, and done,"
In the 30th Generation, Henry must be his Son.
Hail! in Augusta Trinobantum, anointed o'er the rest,
Sanctified Illuminator to the aspiring West.

THOMAS GEORGE FORDHAM,

WHOLESALE CABINET-MAKER, COMMERCIAL STREET, SPITALFIELDS, LONDON, N.E.

This line from William Shakespeare the Londoniad salutes,
(King Henry Eighth) "And fit it with such Furniture as suits."
The Author, like Clarion, in Edmund Spenser's lay, secures
The route decided on, and then prepares his Furnitures.
I have an unique Cabinet, made in Venetian States,
With gold and jewels ornamented, and enamelled plates
In ye Middle Ages, such were very much in vogue,
By fayre Ladye and noble Knyghte, and eke by Theologue,
An hundred London Houses in Thomas George Fordham's line
I have to choose from, to him alone I the palm assign.
Some were famous for prices, if not famed for woods,
And some were far too low, or mixed up with drapery goods.
I'd rather turn to fallow deer, and bound to the blue licks
Of Kentucky, than condemn myself to write on yard-sticks.
In choosing, I am quite satisfied with what I have done;
If you please yourself, you are always sure of pleasing one,
And in striving to please all, you are apt to please none.
With all your good intentions you'll find you are not able,
But lose your Donkey in th' bargain, like th' old man in th' fable.
Like him left to mourn, O, Diaz Lusitan, Braganza!
Or Sterne's story of Le Fevre, Cervantes' Sancho Panza.
And the wags will shake their craniums, as they by you pass,
And each small calligraphist will "write (you) down an ——"
"You know the rest," (*vide* "Don Juan" and Thomas Otway).
He's the only Cabinet Maker in England and our day,
Worthy to hold a candle to Toronto's Jacques and Hay.
And I'm convinced that, if they work into each other's hands,
'Tween them they'll supply Colonial and Imperial Lands.

Countless in form as endless in design,
He piles the pomp of Arts on Glory's Shrine,
Still storey above storey on we glide,
And still new wonders rise on every side;
While by him England's most magnificent shops are supplied,
Soon some of his tasteful goods now being made shall stand confest,
Products of the Old World's capital to the New in the West.
Some orders lately fulfill'd I from the West End did send,
Prices exorbitant I paid, there did the matter end.
Whate'er in Britain I get for the West to send away,
I shall still be willing, as now, a proper price to pay.
Under my Hero's immediate auspices the work is made,
And it is generally known that he supplies "the trade."
Known from London, England's apex, around all its borders,
From any part he will readily fulfil your orders.
'Tis here I, for private use and presentation, secure
What is acknowledged the Best Made of London Furniture.
Thus, as Wholesale Cabinet Makers, each London House yields
The palm to Thomas George Fordham, Commercial Street, Spitalfields.

THE CITY OF LONDON SEED ESTABLISHMENT.

HURST AND SON,

SEEDSMEN, 6, LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.

HURST, in the old Saxon, meant a grove or thicket of trees,
More here to enchant than in Torquato Tasso's the minstrel sees.
"Whate'er I plant (such is my great horticultural thrift!)
Seeds, and runs up to poetry" (Dr. Jonathan Swift).
But to introduce to the Colonies 'tis my intent
And purpose, The City of London Seed Establishment;
And I am very certain no Yankee exporter durst
Enter into competition with the great House of Hurst.
There is nothing that we in a new country heed,
So much, or e'er ought to, as th' good quality of our seed;
For if discovered to be bad after setting, then lost
Is th' season, and all our hopes of a prosp'rous year are crost.
But I had heard from a member of the Corporation,
That Messrs. Hurst and Son, in London, held high station,
And our pioneers of delightful Ontario must
Rejoice, knowing whom in the Imperial Isles to trust.
Of Kitchen Garden Seeds they have a great variety,
Well suiting to each Agricultural Society;
While our famed Seedsmen's unrivalled variety of Pea,
Broccoli, Melon, Tomato, I bear across the sea.
All their Miscellanies our rising country hath inspired,
—Here we mark opposite the names, the quantity required.

To Upper Canada, the greatest Agricultural clime
Ever known in geography, through all extent of time,
I now transmit a large cargo, very well assorted,
Of Messrs. Hurst and Son the choice, English and Imported,
Beside all their Flower Seeds, from which speedily shall grow
A rival Eden, spreading over all Ontario.
Their Agricultural Seeds whole nations charm,
Where boundless regions bloom a Sabine Farm;
Lo, Gardens have, and do the good engage,
Their Flower Seeds revive the Ennæan age.
Through Eden and Elysium on we go,
Babels hanging the Floating o' Mexico.
Noah's, and Solomon's and the rest we know,
Loves, Roses and Myrtles of Erato!
Ahasuerus, Cyrus, Epicurus, Plato,
Palladius, Columella, Varro, Cato,
(Alcinous I too in fancy scan)
Cicero, Horace! many a glorious man
Own'd rivals perhaps to gardens Lucullan!
There,—taste in lawns, &c., every thing surpasses,
25 varieties of ornamental grasses
Here I got. "Seed-time and Harvest," Scripture saith shall fail not.
Yea, "Day and night, seed-time and harvest—heat and hoar frost,
Shall hold their course," this I quote from Milton, England's greatest boast.
Our City Seedsmen, loveliness to Canada revealed,
Through their most acceptable collection in packets sealed.
To their novelties and choice varieties I'll lend a
Helping hand, and will well note them by way of Addenda.
Thus, an extensive market hath the minstrel won
Through the New Dominion, widening, for Messrs Hurst and Son.
Who erst was the greatly trusted? none through England stood higher
In public estimation than the ever-honoured sire.
The substantial and experienced house, which I here announce,
Can supply 1000 tons as easily as an ounce.

HON. GEORGE S. HILLIARD.

Your name is better known in England than that of any other Bostonian, owing to your critical dissertation on, and Edition of the Works of Edmund Spenser; and your Six Months in Italy. I was present in Faneuil Hall, October 27th, 1852, and heard your oration on Daniel Webster then and there delivered by you, and as your name is the likeliest to go down to a far posterity, and because you will remember something about it, I choose to associate your name with the following circumstance: (the rest is included in a private letter, which will be printed in the next Londoniad).

W. J. BARRON & SONS,

LEATHER MERCHANTS AND IMPORTERS, AND SHOE MERCERY WAREHOUSEMEN, 17, ALDERMANBURY, LONDON.

I have at least a dozen in my famous heroes' line,
But a dozen dozens of th' like our firm would all outshine.
For the world's glory I choose the House that stands like Classic Mons,
The first in England in our day, Messrs Barron and Sons,
All the Art muses in ev'ry tongue are now exhorters,
Deal only with the great Leather firm, renowned Importers;
And though Censoria may say, Your ardent minstrel errs
In not choosing, here and now merely manufacturers,
I'll reply in this case, a thousand manufactories
Would scarcely realize one of England's greatest glories,
Whose power extends abroad to all the globes' various lands,
And to make all their goods would require half-a-million hands.
There's one good trait in them, our Colonists beyond the foam
They serve on the same terms as our kinsmen in England home.
Hence, from all British countries on the Western Continent,
Orders for England to our great family firm are sent;
None are more nobly enterprising than they, while their vast
Establishment hath deep into the shade all others cast.
It was thus the unrivalled Shoe Mercery Warehousemen,
At No, 17 Aldermanbury, late met my ken;
Nor could other London Houses match, if put together,
Their Patent Calf, Kid Calf, French Waxed Calf, Enamelled Leather,
Ye Tritons your Buccani blow as o'er Atlantic floats
Argo with Morocco, Roans, Skivers, Memel Calf, and Goats,
Bazils, hail, however the stream of time or flows or ebbs
Still triumph! Kip, Butts, Blocked Fronts, Jockey Legs, Elastic Webs,
French and English Cashmeres, for very many snowy moons,
Stood us in good stead with Boot linings, Flannels, and Galloons,
Doubles, Muslins. Silks, and Threads, proper Over Shoes,
(I say, proper, because the slippery Yank' we all refuse)
General Shoe Mercery that shall long adorn the Muse.
Never on English Thames did I look with eyes so fond on,
Aught as upon this, the first House in its line and London.

HILTON, ANDERSON, & CO.,

PORTLAND AND ROMAN CEMENT AND PLASTER MANUFACTURERS, 6, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C. MANUFACTORIES, FAVERSHAM AND UPNOR, KENT.

Lang Syne, in the dark ages of the Canadas we went
For much to Yankeedom; but now for good Portland Cement
To the manufacturies, Faversham, and Upnor Kent.
And to the capital of the Imperial Isles we go,
And hail the famous firm of Hilton, Anderson, & Co.,
The greatest merchants and shippers in either hemisphere,
From over an hundred oceans make their purchases here—
Th good quality doth thro' testimonials appear,
Proving their Portland Cement to be in very high demand
By those engaged on public works in near or distant land.
Resident members of our great firm do superintend
Their extensive works, on which a world's progress doth depend.
Thus their cement is of the highest degree of excellence,
To which none on the Western continent can have pretence.
To that miracle of our age, the Main Drainage Works, they sent
Nearly two millions of bushels of their Portland Cement.
The drainage works of Brighton—many a provincial town,
Portsmouth, will tell to other times thro' countless ages down
How in a retrospective era wide was their renown.
Yankee cement, frightful compound! ye muses all asloyne;
Attests many a Sea-wall, Esplanade, and Concrete Groyne
Their fame, which they around the loud coast of England maintain,
Opposing the warrior billows of a boist'rious main,
Oft while Stone, on by "air and ye elements" seems to be
Workd like geologic specimen by ancient sea,
Portland Cement on a thousand tempest-stricken stations
Stands firm, matchless for Concrete Blocks for Fortifications
And Breakwaters, for Harbours of Refuge, at-home, abroad:
All th' same, 'tis science' master deed, the wonder-work of God.
As a stucco more durable than Stone, Portland Cement
Hath been used on many a noble pile for Ornament.
The names of the greatest men in our time the bard recalls
Thro' England, who have given them their testimonals.
The Titans of their clime and age o'er time they stand confest,
Not from isolated sample or a casual test
They speak; thus far when Pallas, Science' Patroness arose
In glory, and handed me the following note in prose:

☞ Messrs. H., A., & Co. manufacture the Cement at the large and extensive Works at Faversham, Kent, and also at their smaller Factory at Upnor on the Medway, near Rochester. Vessels can be loaded alongside at either of the above places, or the Cement can be had in large and small quantities at their wharf, 6, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

E. FELLOWS & CO.,

ROPE, LINE AND TWINE MANUFACTURERS, MEADES PLACE, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, LONDON, S.E.

Not to Buckingham and Austin did the Art Minstrel go;
But to the much more acceptable house, E. Fellows and Co;
Their honor'd namesake I knew well by far Ontario.
And who shall ever say that the blest muse of science errs
In thus choosing the *bonâ fide* Manufacturers.
Their picturesque Rope-walk so all overshadowed with trees,
Reminded me of the chequered light we have beyond the seas.
To them as practical gentlemen we high place assign,
And all the nations of the world, use their Rope, Line, and Twine.
'Tis not vile Massachusetts shipments that inspire the Nine,
But the best Russian, French, Italian that we here trace,
Close by Newington Causeway, in umbrageous Meades Place.
What other firm in th' Imperial Metropolis copes
With them—lo, for general purposes White and Tarred Ropes?
'Tis they supply Packing Cord and Twines, Bleached and Coloured Twines,
Lines, ev'ry description, Clothes Lines, Signal Halliard, Log Lines,
Netting Twines, Sail Twines, 'tis not your worn-out shoppy fogies,
But our active firm that shall, from th' sea to Kallebogies
The entire wants of our uprising mighty West supply,
As they do now ev'ry other country under the sky.

FREDERICK EYRE'S

SELF-ACTING VENTILATING VALVE, which cannot fail to draw off the impure air of the room, thereby insuring proper ventilation. To be had of FREDERICK EYRE, GAS ENGINEER, &c., 67, TOOLEY STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

Climes of a renovated world! I rede ye harken well,
That for such we ne'er more go to the boor of Clerkenwell;
But Science' muse, like some hierarch from a skiey ridge,
Hies to Number 67 Tooley Street, London Bridge.
Like as 'neath Pope's Dunciad pile, all are sunk in fiery pyre,
Beside our honoured Ventilator, Squire Frederick Eyre.
We know what philosophy through this and every nation
Saith, concerning the great importance of Ventilation.
What is it that causes in the world so many weepers?
Impure atmosphere that undermines the health of sleepers;
But to evade such from anathemized Yankee schemers,
I bear this o'er all our mighty lakes to all our steamers.
The chosen motto of Frederick Eyre is very good,
(I'm fond of mottoes.) "Health,—Good Air, as essential as Good Food."

WILLIAM COULSON & SONS,

DAMASK & PLAIN LINEN MANUFACTURERS, LISBURN, IRELAND. 18, BREAD STREET, CANNON STREET, E.C., LONDON.

I thro' Britain vainly seek, in vain thro' Europe ask
For any firm to equal my famed heroes in Damask;
And they were never surpassed since Arts' standard was unfurled
Over "fair Damascus," the oldest city in the world.
Who is it stands above the world, like sun-illumined mons,
A headland in the sea of time, William Coulson & Sons.
Instead of paying, as erst, double price at the West-end,
Here you get double quantity for what you'd like to spend;
Beside the palm upon merit the purchaser confers,
Thro' dealing at first hand with matchless manufacturers.
We had some sent out to us by a mere mercantile botch,
Not the right sort, for it turned out to be but flimsy Scotch,
Which after one washing, or exposure to the weather,
Oh!—but you'll then find our Coulsons' like a piece of leather.
And then again, for our firm's ever-glorious designs,
For which each polish'd nation the myrtle wreath to them assigns.
The Shamrock is very popular, and 'tis my belief
They'll soon establish for us the BEAVER and MAPLE LEAF.
Of the great problem witness this, the prime of solutions,
They our great families and National Institutions
Shall supply. For daily use and periodic meetings,
And amongst the primest of the Minstrel's textile greetings,
Were those for William Coulson and Son's unrivalled Sheetings,
And I heard amidst the cataracts of Marley
That in these they excelled everything done by Charley.
Our Firm thro' the long burning day and tempestuous night
Of commerce, still upward and onward took its tireless flight.
Like Gibson, great sculptor, and th' author of the Londoniad,
The common and mere trady they ever still evade.
In Damask and Plain Linen our illustrious house hath done
What in bleaching was performed by Jonathan Richardson.
(On the immortal bleacher long ago a poem I made—
It appears on page 29 of the Sixth Londoniad)
Their matchless enterprise and sterling genius doth fire land
And sea, from their manufactory, Lisburn Ireland.

JOHN POUND & CO.,

81 and 82, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

Manufacturers to the BOARD OF ADMIRALTY. H. M. CUSTOMS, ROYAL MINT, and INDIA OFFICE, Manufacturers of Solid Leather Portmanteaus, Dressing and Travelling Bags, Ladies Imperials., Overland and Bullock Trunks, Air-tight Japanned Tin Boxes in Deal Chests for India, China, &c., Canteens, Plate Chests, Camp and Cabin Furniture, Naval and Military Equipage, Travellers' Sample Cases and Bags, Despatch and Deed Boxes, Writing Folios and Letter Cases.

So long a list where from to choose, at length the minstrel found,
That in the Imperial Metropolis most renowned,
For Trunks was the Illustrious City House of Messrs. Pound.
However well ours may be in Canada put together,
Thro'out th, West we are always anxious for English Leather.
Hence, upon the unrivall'd London House the Muse confers
The myrtle wreath, the *bona fide* Manufacturers.
The world-wide reputation early won they still retain,
They've a character to uphold, known on each land and main,
In this I'm self-experienced, their T unks, even second hand,
Are through many distant countries in very great demand.
And those who have them in possession-travellers know well
How to prize them, and would never very readily sell.
We had some of theirs once, which after long stormy years tost
Midst forests and cataracts, brought more than the original cost;
And the only reason that we let them go to the H. B. fleet
Was, we determined to buy the new in Leadenhall Street.
What is't that to fame and emolument doth much redound?
Every Trunk bearing the impress of the name of Pound.
What floats like a triumphant sky over both hemispheres,
Their science-emblazon'd Standard in the flight of 50 years.
The senior partner, whose presence doth ye premises adorn,
Here at 81—82 (some time ago) was born.
And I now invoke the winds, to entrumpet all the floods,
Upon the Premises are Manufactured all the Goods.
And what I ne'er before in the City of London found,
Here I hail (William Cowper) "rural sight" and "rural sound,"
For at the windows of the matchless house of Messrs, Pound,
Birds, th' winged Bards or Heaven sing 'mong the trees that disclose a
Rival to thy "Etrurian Shades," Vallambrosa.
I remember Upper Canada and thought upon a
Windsor Forest scene (of "Dan Pope's"), Pan chasing Lodona!
Not ceiling bounded, upward and open see the Galleries rise,
And with the light of Arts commingle the glories of the skies.

The Show Rooms, which I look with eyne so fond on,
Are acknowledged to be the most gorgeous in London.
I might, if I pleased, by the help of illustrations,
Convey their glorious works through all the Western nations;
But I will, as won't, verbally illustrate what I saw,
And our Colonies may then their own deductions draw
Toronto rejoice, Kingston, Peterborough, Ottawa.
Taste and Philosophy our firm doth thoroughly embue
What you require. here you behold, all at a single view.
"Never more" (E. A. Poe) we go to Massachusetts skunks,
For here we have Portmanteaus, Overland and Bullock Trunks.
Here are Dressing Cases, Desks, Chests, Bags, Cash and Deed Boxes,
Occidental Gotham, I'm sure that nor Grutch nor Coxes'
Works e'er matched those of which, here and now, I volubly sing,
'Tis here we find ☞ EVERY REQUISITE FOR TRAVELLING,
From whatever land we hail, to whatever clime we go
Our first advance is to Leadenhall Street—John Pound and Co.
Doth Time's Stream to Eternity's Ocean disembogue—
From Narrow Isle; o'er the Universe I bear their Catalogue.

I. A. BOSS,

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE QUEEN.

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTURER, 36A, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

The genius of commerce thro' the world doth hitherward resort,
And here it is supplied at Wholesale and Export.
Amongst all the Sons of Enterprise I in London came across,
I found none in true Business habits to excel our Boss,
"He's a true Boss," "the real Boss," and "the only Boss we'll have."
This rung often in mine ears beyond th' Atlantic wave,
As manufacturer o' th' Umbrella, Sunshade, and Parasol,
He is known thro' out the Tropics and he triumphs at the Pole.
And now our Argo with her cargo doth o'er ocean ride,
From London? yes! ☞ No, 36A, Wood Street, in Cheapside,
Here on obtaining th' latest Novelties you may rely,
That will Jupiter Pluvius and Sol himself defy.
All, (and this I trumpet over the world-eclipsing West),
Are combin'd with materials and workmanship the best.
His Designs are all unique, matchlessly perfect, and chaste,
We here superior Finish hail and most excellent Taste.
For these, His manufactures are thro' all the nations known,
Colossus like Squire I. A. Boss stands single in renown,

Like Claude Melnotte who of portraits could only paint but one.
As th' Lyre of Anacreon would recur to Love alone,
As the Aloe blooms only once in an hundred years,
And as the Phœnix "that sole bird" (Milton) in th' world appears,
And even as one Sun alone lights up the starry main,
And one Moving Power doth over the universe reign,
So ever doth th' Art Muse high soaring midst the wondrous whole,
Proclaims our Hero of the Umbrella and Parasol.
With him we never note mere whimsical frivolity,
But each that we name is his own peculiar novelty,
And I find that th' present season is not a votary
Of that pareplue whirligig by man vclep'd *Rotary*,
Which is all unlike the Compass, that only one way points,
Still veers to all the Venti and seems body out of joints.
Now to our New Dominion I over the ocean cross,
With Umbrellas and Parasols from th' Royal House of Boss.
Sailing on Mare Imbrium being in Elysium rapt,
The Muse her eye' midst ye Mooney Isles on John Dryden she clapt.
They met; He said, (for he was kind throughout that lunar trip),
"I can carry your Umbrella and fan, your Ladyship,"
Butler bringeth ye Umbrella forth not when sky floods drench,
But to illustrate style of hat borrowed from the French,
The Umbrella used by Holy Boys at Bromley bogs-head,
Seem'd (so large it was) an inverted Heidelberg hogshead.
As on Ærial ridges reclines the beauteous day,
So rests in Her respiring light the Heroine of my lay,
In Red Silk Tent 20 feet high 40 diameter,
By cataracts sunlit, Ta-pa-ta-mee doth seat her,
The chiefs' tents in braided rainbows surround her in a foss,
She sits on silks and roses, they on skins and flow'ry moss,
I the Order gave, and the Tents were made by I. A. Boss,
(Johnson) "Boss raised above the rest a shining prominence."
All minstrelsy of th' Middle Ages! *Boss*, I bring from thence,
Last eventful time, I believe, that History doth show,
The Boss, it on the shields of chiefs at Culloden did glow.
Hosts of "Bloody Cumberland's" Pack were by its thrusts laid low,

A DREADFUL STORM UPON LAKE ERIE AND HOW WE WERE ALL SAVED BY THE MEANS OF MR BOSS'S UMBRELLAS.

We're sailing that Upland Ocean billowing over th' Falls,
From Lewistown to Cheppawa hang lightning-braided palls,
A Storm! the Earth's upheav'd Heaven is split asunder,
Erie's gone skyward in foam, our Steamer's grating under.
A crash * * * * Tempests have racked Attraction's bars,
We're tumbling down thro' Nature's void with all the ruined Stars,
SCIENCE redeems us now! give no—give not up all for loss,
I have a case of Umbrellas by the illustrious Boss,
* * * The Steamer in flames exploding rolls Niagara o'er,
Th' rebuff of whirlwind fills each Umbrella,—we're safe on shore.

ALEXANDER WRIGHT & Co.,

ENGINEERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF "WET" AND "DRY" GAS METERS, and of Apparatus connected with the Manufacture, Distribution, Analysis, and Use of COAL GAS, 55 & 55A, MILLBANK STREET, WESTMINSTER. F. W. HARTLEY, Manager.

I the works of our Company salute
For lighting up or Town or Institute,
For this each article complete appears,
With London's most practical Engineers,
Large manufacturers, they can supply
Our Country with Gas Meters, Wet or Dry,
O'er th' Intercolonial Railway,
That almost illimitable hailway
Of Empire, with Apparatus I pass
Connected with thy varied use, Coal Gas.
They've ev'ry other Company outvied,
In the number o' towns and districts they've supplied
Nor are they merely manufacturers,
Pallas the inventive wreath on them confers,
They never upon their laurels resting,
Lo, as described in Gas Meter Testing.
Gas Testing Apparatus we
Never met its equal o'er the sea;
Through this, great knowledge did the Bard amass
Instruments for the measurement of Gas,
Or of pressure made (this hath me inspired),
To any foreign standard when required.
The Analysis of Gas here met my ken
By Science' Heroes, for Practical Men,
With Per-Centage Tables, Observations
On Gas Meter Testing, the Western Nations
Look with wistful eyne far over the foam,
They know the wondrous deed performed at home;
(And Yankeedom is now an aching void).
Wright's Testing Apparatus is employ'd
At all the Great Gas Works of London, down
Thro' each British City and County town,
With science' solar ray, and not the garish
Phantom, glows each imperial parish;
Respiring light, in Aureola went
The Muse with them o'er all the Continent,

Each shall civilisation's march extend
Where light of Gas and songs of Zion blend,
To this great end unpurchased aid I lend.
Consumers' Meters every name I tract,
Accurately adjusted, (note the fact!)
To the Standard of the "Sales of Gas Act."
Wright's Registering Pressure Gauge, Gauges
Pressure; greatly each our grief assuages,
That we should have recipients remain'd
Of Yank' works when we might have obtained
In matchless glory from our native Isles
That which in a new day on our new country smiles,
The Mighty Past is but an hour ago,
Eternal ages all before us glow.
Light and Fire themselves diffuse
And in giving nothing lose,
Thus thro' F. W. Hartley before all the winds that blow,
We o'er exulting Seas with British products go,
From the renown'd Messrs. Alexander Wright & Co.

D. & A. DERRIN,

ENGINEERS, NEW PARK STREET, SOUTHWARK LONDON.

Our Chief Selse, once introduced a name to Captain Perrin,
Who darn'd it for a Yankee, and said take Brothers Derrin.
Yea, we might long and vainly search thro' the both hemispheres,
For a firm more entirely practical as Engineers.
Men of the mightiest genius that ever lived on earth,
Acknowledge in many languages th' famous Brothers' worth.
Now with their Engineering doth the adventurous bard embark,
For the advancing occident from street yclepd New Park
In ye old historic borough Chaucerean Southwark.
Their deeds are over the world, on land or region wavy,
In each Mercantile Marine, and ev'ry Royal Navy.
There is no work, or great or small, in all their lengthened line,
In which they do not Science and Philosophy combine.
Their fame hath the horizon of every country fill'd—
A sense of their power is in every element instill'd,
In Mathematics and Mechanics, they're very well skilled.
In corresponding, on them our Colonists may depend,
They all the Plans can form, and Construction superintend.
Not only what we'd fain require; but they too can suggest
Aught that we're likely to want in th' New Dominion o' th' West.
Fixed and Portable Engines, from them I bore o'er the flood
CUTTING MACHINERY, MOULDING MACHINES, all kinds for WOOD,

Saw Benches of every kind, I never saw so good;
Not t' Cannon Street for Manchester, nor to Chelsea I go,
But to Brothers Derrin for such to grace Ontario.
For Paper Rolling Machinery, they're not to be outdone,
And their Paper Embossing Machines are the best in London.
I applied myself closely to Science to know whether
Or not their Machines for Pasting Paper and Cloth together
Were the best, and as Sir John Smith would say "they're superior,
(I quote from Sir John's Poems) all others are inferior."

THOMAS WHICHELOW,

SPANISH AND MOROCCO LEATHER DRESSER AND DYER, BLACK SWAN YARD, BERMONDSEY STREET, S.E.

Thro' Bermondsey famed for Leather, I passed, and I avow
I never met more courteous wight than Thomas Whichelow.
Nor is there one in whom th' Western World may have affiance,
Equally with him, who transcendeth in all of science;
For while many others use the very same appliance
In Leather, that was used eleven hundred years ago,
His are th' inventions that will agree with Ontario.
Not only is his genius exalted and creative;
But like a kind deity he is communicative.
Live his name, till creation blazes one funeral pyre,
Hail! Spanish and Morocco Leather Dresser and Dyer.
All accessories on hand here met the inquiring bard,
Bermondsey Street, S.E. and (*rara avis*) Black Swan Yard.
Not in England alone, shineth the name of Whichelow,
A second Iranstein (his brother's) in the West doth glow.
What came upon expectants like to a sirroco?
Thomas Whichelow's own peculiar Morocco,
While many men in Bermondsey this day to him do owe
Whatever they of art the theory or practice know.
Every thought within [illegible] cast a 1000 mental looks,
And I finally declar'd that I'd choose his for my BOOKS.
Nor other kinds for furniture, or shoes the minstrel brooks.
Lo, many of his instruments and tools are of his own
Inventing, and such as no other house hath ever known;
And thus I pass the windy march of Time with his renown.

JOHN BRIGHT AND RICHARD COBDEN.—I generally give my friends mentioned in the Londoniad something by way of what in the Western Colonies is called an extra. With the present Londoniad I place for their kind acceptance a University First Prize and Great Scholarship Poem, John Bright and Richard Cobden [non-political], "Friendships of the Classics Ages."

John Bright's letter to the Author appears in the last Londoniad.

MILLS & BORTHWICK,

BUNTING MANUFACTURERS, 18, GRESHAM STREET. (Opposite Basinghall Street.) Flags of all nations made to order.

For Flag manufacturers I need not long be hunting,
Lo, here are our world-famed heroes who ever make th' Bunting.
What is there in the realm of art that doth so much inspire?
The sight of a flying Flag sometimes sets our souls on fire.
Whoever may make the Flags, wherever the Flags may fly,
"'Tis ten to one" (Milton) the Bunting they did supply,
On every sea and land, from every fortress of the world,
In all their nationalities I see their Flags unfurl'd.
And I may mention here in the 3rd 16th Londoniad
Flags of all nations are by our famed firm to order made,
And too I mention to th' world with very great elation,
Bazaars, Exhibitions, Associations, thro' th' nation,
All the Admiralties of the old world, the mercantile marine
Of Britain, and every clime, customers of theirs have been.
Royal Standards, Flags, Unions and Ensigns, o'er th' pavilions
O' th' West fly like breezes, trumpet stirr'd, amidst our 4,000,000.
When a child, Flags, I thought, were spirits wand'ring o'er th' ocean;
Or I took them for "Angels pursuivant" (Spenser) in motion.
Along the horizon they woo the song-enraptured breeze,
Or float halcyon-like upon the bright exulting seas.
Anon the voiceless eloquence of thought' sublimer strain
Entrumpets the wild winds that so electrify the main.
In foreign lands what visions of home greet the pilgrim's sight,
—Poled in the Meridian Circle, to the Boundary of Sunlight
Creation's champion Flag o'er Time takes its triumphant flight.
Our pioneers of Canada their British Flag upreared,
And victory dawned in daylight wherever it appeared.

I have adapted the letter C as the distinctive symbol of the New Canada Confederacy to the form of a lyre, evolving rays, each province to have a string. This can be placed upon any of the National Flags of Great Britain.

Here truthfully as planted for below
The ROSE, the SHAMROCK, and the THISTLE blow,
From stems in Lover's Knots securely bound,
The MAPLE wreath ascends and circles round,
While high above enwrapt in solar rays
Where beam the glories of concentred days,
And which the victor LAUREL doth entwine,
A LYRE breaks forth ——— ———
Within the wreath traversing near the base,
A living form midst native foliage trace;

Yes Fiber ? thou wast doomed so legends say
In form thus strange a certain time to stray,
For crimes committed in an earlier day,
And though in shape of BEAVER thus confin'd,
Preserved in all the powers of Human Mind.

ARUNDELL & CO.,

FANCY BOX MAKERS, &c., and CONTRACTORS TO WHOLESALE HOUSES, 13, PAGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Not "a beggarly account of empty boxes," (Shakespear)
Doth with our world-famed Arundell appear.
Other makers may strive; but our firm they'll never wheedle,
More than did Sidney, in Ivory Box Magnetic Needle.
Spectator S. -ho (*vide* Burns) was "the whale of hearty cocks,"
Speaks of the non's head, and under this a letter box.
Lovely couplet, "the casked Indias glowing gems unlocks,
('Tis by A. Pope) and all Arabia breaths from yonder box."
Edmund Spenser, "So many more, so every one was used,
(From mem'ry quote) That to give largely to the box refused."
"To you the boxes" (John Dryden). "blow, happy breezes, blow"
From London's great unrivalled firm, F. Arundell & Co.,
Over Amethystine billows to CANADA they go.
Matchless firm of historic name by ancient Thorney Isle;
Some of your most wond'rous works reach'd our Colonies erewhile;
Some kinds came fill'd with Poplins from member Pym of Leinster,
The Silks were by the Quaker, the Boxes made in Westminster.
The guiding genius of our house is a most glorious Boss,
He it was who made for me my unrivalled rere-dos.
In British Government offices the whole world around,
My hero's art-works of this kind, and these alone are found,
He is thro' the Imperial Isles and Colonies renown'd.
Now from the Drapers Box Maker (such Fancy are or Plain)
I bear thro' the roseate nations over a sunset main,
And the ever-glowing muse who is no dimitied spinster;
But a *femme* of sunlight, hails 13, Page Street, Westminster.
Lo, here are Drapers' Plain and Fancy Boxes every kind
In which are strength, utility, and every grace combined,
These you with our great Contractor to Wholesale Houses find,
The finest shops in th' metropolis of this insular land,
And all the warehouses ever hail his wonder-working hand.
None have gone so high, for none so well have striven,
At 13, Page Street, Westminster, Estimates are given.
And in more languages than one full soon shall be declared,
By our Company, are boxes re-covered and repaired.

GOLD MEDAL
CORRELATIVE OF THE
PARIS EXHIBITION 1867,
THE
ONLY PRIZE AWARDED FOR LITERATURE AMONGST FIFTY NATIONS.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

Winner of Seven University Scholarships, (there were no more to win) and more than Five Hundred First Prizes, and over Three Thousand Testimonials. Author of the "Conquest of Canada." "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior," "The Elysium of Art," "Limbo of Science," "Men of the Time," "Dictionary of all the Proper Names mentioned by the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland," "The Messiah and the Prophet," "Benevolence of Deity," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," &c., &c., and all the Londoniads (thirty-six in number.)

Sole Contractor for the New Parliamentary Library. Is prepared to supply Individuals and Public Iustitutions in British America, with New Books, to any extent from Great Britain and the Continent, at three, six, nine, or twelve months' credit, AND WILL FULLY REPRESENT TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA, ANY LONDON HOUSE WHOSE CARD AND POEM MAY APPEAR IN THE LONDONIAD.

January 1st 1871.

TO

THE INHABITANTS OF TORQUAY.

ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS.

I enter the field of candidature for the Representation of the QUEEN OF THE SOUTH in Parliament at the next General Election.

By the application of Science and Art, and ever mindful of the unrivalled salubrity of its climate, and of the loveliness of its situation, I will strive by every means in my power to attract towards my native town the *elite* of nations.

I shall personally, and at an early period, have the pleasure of addressing you collectively, and of conversing with you each so far as may be, individually.

Hoping to meet both Ladies and Gentlemen at the Hustings, I will from thence, confident of success, beckon you to the Poll.

I am, yours faithfully,

J. TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

---

the Prophet," "Benevolence of Deity," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," &c., &c., and all the Londoniads (thirty-six in number.)
Sole Contractor for the New Parliamentary Library. Is prepared to supply Individuals and Public Institutions in British America, with New Books, to any extent from Great Britain and the Continent, at three, six, nine, or twelve months' credit, AND WILL FULLY REPRESENT TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA, ANY LONDON HOUSE WHOSE CARD AND POEM MAY APPEAR IN THE LONDONIAD.
January 1st 1871.

JOHN BOLDING & SON,

Brass Founders. Lead and Zinc Merchants, Manufacturers of Pumps, Water Closets and high pressure Valves, Sanitory Earthenware of every description, 19, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. Manufacturers of Wrought iron Tubes, and Fitttings for Gas, Steam, and Water. Wholesale White Lead, Oil, Colour and Varnish Merchants.

I want a good house for Soda Water Machinery
To trumpet to our Colonists over the Western sea,
—Take th' best in London, West, established Eighteen twenty-three.
There's not a firm in or out of Imperial London.
That hath practised science more than John Bolding and Son.
Private Houses, and all the Great Companies of the land,
Invoke th' aid of our famed Family's wonder-working hand.
Here we get plumbers' engineers' and gas-fitters Brass Work
So good, that we'd not look at that of Boston and New York.
I took to the umbrageous shores of distant Lubing,
My heroes Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, and Composition Tubing,
And our people, Aborigine, Teutonic, and Celt,
Do ever greatly welcome their Sheet Zinc, Drawn Zinc, and Felt.
The muse had passed her Rubicon, and with ardour sought her
Ariminum in Albion, behold, for Steam and Water,
And Gas the Fittings, and Tubes made of the best Wrought Iron.
For these an universal fame doth our house environ;
Beside th' two Establishments in South Molton Street, th' glory,
Of England, they've their Brass Foundry and Manufactory
In Grosvenor Market, known thro' the world everywhere;
At 19, South Molton Street, Minerva doth declare,
Their unrivalled Depo' for Sanitary Earthenware.
With the blest sire and son we can never realise the gloom
Of centuries past, when, blasted in their most frightful doom,
Millions were hurried off by plagues into the darken'd tomb;
But now in a bright'ning age of most exalted pleasures,
We have the means of Health which is the primest of all treasures,
—Next to Heaven owing all to Sanitary Measures;
Barrett's Court by Wigmore Street, all the sciences arouse,—
Lo, the well-known Sheet Lead and Pipe Zinc and Iron Tube Warehouse.
Now Canada will correspond with John Bolding & Son;
In all their vast and varied line they're not to be outdone,
Nor equall'd by any other House in the West of London.

PERSONAGES AND INSTITUTIONS PRACTICALLY CONNECTED WITH THE ARTS

IN CANADA.

Compiled and arranged expressly for the Londoniad,

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

FINANCE DELEGATE.

(COPYRIGHT).

PAINTINGS IN OIL.—Peter March, Paul Kane, Toronto. Plamondon, Antoine, Pointe aux Trembles. Hamel, Theophile. Kreighoff, J., Quebec.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.—Bourassa, Napoleon, Montreal. Tache, Eugene, Montmagny.

SCULPTURE AND DIE-SINKING.—Reid, Robert, Montreal.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.—Burland and L'African, Montreal.

PRINTING AND BOOKS.—Departement de L'Agriculture, des Arts, et de la Statistique, Outaouais. Desbaratz, George, Quebec and Outaouais, Brousseau, L., Quebec. Seneca', Eusebe, Starke, J., & Cie., Montreal.

PAPER, STATIONERY, BINDING: PAINTING AND DRAWING MATERIALS.—Lafrance & Lemieux, Quebec. Desbaratz, G. E., Quebec and Outaouais. Brown & Freres, Toronto. Buntin Alexandre, & Cie., Montreal. Brousseau, Leger. Boissonnault, N. F., Quebec.

APPLICATIONS OF DRAWING AND MODELLING TO THE COMMON ARTS.—Murphy, J., Montreal.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOFS AND APPARATUS.—Bureau des Travaux Publics, Ottawa. Leggo & Desbaratz, Quebec. Notman, William, Montreal. Livernois & Cie., Quebec. Hellingworth, J., Toronto. Henderson, Alexander, Montreal. Ellison & Cie., Smeaton, J., Quebec.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS.—Laricheliere, Desire, Lapraire. Jones, T J, Bowmanville. Grass, F., Montreal.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS FOR TEACHING SCIENCE.—Departement de L'Instruction Publique du Haut et du Bas Canada, Toronto and Montreal.—Chambre des Arts et Manufactures du Haut Canada, Toronto. Bethune, Rev C. J. S., Cobourg. Passmore, F. F. Potter, Charles, Toronto.

MAPS AND GEOGRAPHICAL AND COSMOGRAPHICAL APPARATUS.—Departement des Terres de la Couronne, Outaouais. Commission Geologique du Canada, Montreal. Ecole D'Agriculture de Ste. Anne, Ste. Anne. Bouchette, Joseph, Outaouais. King, T. D. Montreal. Brown, G., Toronto. Tackerbury, E. C., London, Haut Canada.

FANCY FURNITURE.—Jacques & Hay, Toronto. Frechette, Antoine. Outaouais Hilton, J. & W., Montreal. Reed, James, Hamilton. Roy & Bedard, Brousseau, J. T., Quebec.

UPHOLSTERY AND DECORATIVE WORK.—Clifford, Madame, Outaouais. Desmarais & Cie., Scott, William, Montreal.

CRYSTAL, FANCY GLASS AND STAINED GLASS.—Spence, J. C., Montreal. Glass Company, Hudson (Vaudreuil).

EARTHENWARE AND OTHER FANCY POTTERY.—Hurd & Leigh, Toronto. Farrar, J. W. St. Jean.

CARPETS, TAPESTRY, AND OTHER STUFFS FOR FURNITURE.—Bazin, Dlles. Caron, Dlle., Riviere-Du-Loup. Corte, O., Quebec.

PAPERHANGINGS.—Staunton, Moses, Toronto

APPARATUS AND PROCESSES FOR HEATING AND LIGHTING.—Armstrong, J. R., & Cie., Toronto. Rodden, W. & Cie., Ceredo. Paul, Montreal.

PERFUMERY.—Hearb, J. G., Montreal.

LEATHER WORK, FANCY ARTICLES AND BASKET WORK.—Auger, Mme, Grenier, Mme. Methot, Mme. Vadebonceœur, Mme. Caron, Mlle. Bazin, Milles, Riviere-du-Loup. Bernard, Mlle. Agnes, Trois-Rivieres, Malechite. Marie, Ille Verte. Kanouakerie, Marguerite, Kaughnaouaga, Samsouk. Micmac, Ristigonche. Tahourhenche, Paul, Lorette. Boyd John Henderson & Son, Jenkin, Thomas, Laviolette & Geraldi, Montreal. De Guise, Auguste, Outaouasis.

COTTON YARN AND FABRICS.—Gordon & McKay, Toronto. Wood, Peter, Montreal. Wright, Joseph, Dundas.

LINEN YARNS, AND FABRICS OF FLAX, HEMP, &c.—Elliot Hunt & Cie., Preston. Gooderham & Paine, Streetsville. Djagnault, Mme., St. Hubert. Roy, Joseph, St. Jean. Daignault, Bazile, St. Bruno. Bouchard, St. Valier. Societe D'Agriculture D'Herville, St. Societe D'Agriculture de Jacques Cartier, St. Laurent. Societe D'Agriculture de Beauce, Ste Marie. Gagne, N., St. Anselme. Fortin, Morcel, L'Islet.

CARDED WOOL AND WOOLLEN FABRICS.—Barber & Freres, Streetsville, Rosamond & Freres, Almonte. Robertson, J., & Cie., Montreal. Willet, S. T., Chambly. Parent, L'Abbe L, St. Jean Port Joli. St. Amand, Joseph, Batiscan, Bouchard, St. Valier. Benoit, Bazile, David, Francois, St Hubert. Chabot, Eusebe, La Presentation. Chandler, St. Armand, Busted, James, Ascot. Lariviere, Louis, L'Aventure, J., Morin. M., Fo. F., St. Ours. Fournier, Duval, Charles, Fournier, Michel, Pelletier, N., St. Jean Port Joli. Fortin, Marcel, L'Islet. Horner, James, Clarendon. Roy, Joseph, St. Jean. Societe D'Agriculture de Beauce, Ste. Marie. Societe D'Agriculture de St. Hyacinthe. Societe D'Agriculture de Vauchenil, Slingsby & Kitchen, Canning.

SHAWLS.—Archambault, T., St. Jules. Duhamel, Andre, St. Ours. Gagne, N., St. Anselme.

LACE, NET, EMBROIDERY AND SMALL WARES.—Kakeriton, Kaughnaouaga. Macree, R. Clarenceville. Gagne, N., St. Anselme. Bouchard, St. Valier.

HOSIERY AND UNDERCLOTHING, AND ARTICLES APPERTAINING THERETO.—Bouchard, St. Valier. Knitting Company, Ancaster. Randall, Ferr, & Cie., Hespeler. Fournier, F., St. Jean Port Joli.

CLOTHING FOR BOTH SEXES.—Couture, St. Ambroise. Tahourhehche, Paul, Lorette, Barbeau, Joseph, Dion, M., Quebec. Martin, Geo., Toronto. Offorde, M. Kingston. Tourville, Charles, Smith & Cochrane, Montreal.

JEWELLERY AND PRECIOUS STONES.—Duquet, Cyrille, Quebec.

TRAVELLING APPARATUS, AND CAMP EQUIPAGE.—Barrington, Geo., Peeny, Edouard & Cie., Montreal. Tache, C. J., Outaouasis.

BIMBELOTERIE.—Peacock, William, Montreal.

MINING AND METALLURGY.—Commission Geologique du Canada, Montreal. Morris, Alexander, Perth. Cowan, A., Montreal. Marmora Iron Company, Marmora. —Seymour, U., Madoc. Walbridge, Frerea, Belleville. Chaffley, G., & Freres, Newborough. Canada Iron Mining Manufacturing Company, Hull. McDougall, John, Trois-Rivieres. Palmer, W. H., Sault Ste. Marie. Mines de Bruce, Lac Huron. Wellington, C., Sterling. Sweeney, John, Tudor. Henick, T. W., Sault Ste. Marie. Compagnie des Mines du Bas Canada, Ascot. Belvedere Mining and Smelting Company, Ascot. Capel, G. B., Lennoxville. Campagnie des Mines de Huntingdon, Bolton. Ives Mining Company Bolton. Mitchell, Robert, & Cie., Montreal. Campagnie des Mines de St. Francois, Cleveland. Compagnie Anglo-Canaidenne, Leeds. Tappan, L. W., Lennoxville. Martindale, Thomas, Donaldson, John, Oneida. Taylor, Alexr., Grand River. Flint, Billa, Bellevile. Feagle, L., Marmora. Companie D'Ardoises de Rockland, Melbourne. Compagnie D'Ardoises de Melbourne. Breed Grosvenor Company. Danville. McIntosh, M., Madoc. Paterson, John, Knowlton. Bainfield, B., Bailey, A., Whitney, T. C., McMannis, John Polton. Hodges, James, Bulstrode, Ball, A. B. Docteur, Petrolia. Ray, Docteur, Bothwell. Richardson, William, Oil Springs. Lincoln, William, Thamesville. Hibbard & Avery, Tilsonburgh. The Goderich Salt Company, Goderich. Canada, Plumbago Mining Company, Buckingham. Lochaber Plumbago Mining Company, Lochaber. O'Hard, James, Madoc. Byer & Mathews, Cowan & Britton, Gananoque. Evans, R

C., Kingston. Parsons & Cie., Toronto. Clark, D. L. & R. S., Cote St Paul. La Breche. Viger, L., Rice, W. H., Ives & Allan, Bigelow, J. T., & Cie., Montreal. McKelvey, James, Ste. Catherine. Prowse & Freres, Kirshaw & Edward, Montreal. Dunn. P., & Dunn, J., Cote, St. Paul.

PRODUCTS OF THE CULTIVATION OF FORESTS, AND OF THE TRADES APPERTAINING THERETO.—Brunet, L'Abbe, Bureau des Inspecteurs de Bois, Quebec. Hamilton Brothers, Hawksbury. Sylvain, George, Bic. Ferguson, Messrs., Thamesville. Duguay, L'Abbe, Ste. Luce. Lepage, J. B., Rimouski. Champagne, Isidore, Outaouais. Cyre, Michel, Gloucester. Fournier, T., Rimouski. Millar, John, Montreal. Irish, Peter, Brighton. Senecal, M., Baie St. Francois. Hogan G., & Cie., Nelson, Wood, & Cie., Montreal. Eadon, E.C., Montmorency. Plouffe, Luc, St. Martin. Moore, Thomas, Etobicoke. Higgins, John, St. Hilarie. Shearer, J. Montreal.

PRODUCTS OF SHOOTING, FISHING, AND OF THE EARTH OBTAINED WITHOUT CULTIVATION.—Chambre des Arts et Manufactures du Haut Canada, Toronto. Bethune, Rev. C. J. S., Cobourg. Passmore, S. W., Toronto. Cote, O., Giroux, O., Quebec. Thompson, James, Champagne, Isidore, Outaouais. Tahourhehche, Paul, Lorette. Shephard, W. G., Quebec. Cote, Majoric. Rimouski Mathew, J., & Fils, Clare, Lyman, & Cie., Montreal. Saunder, William, London.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS (NOT USED AS FOOD) EASILY PRESERVED.—Donaldson, J. A., Toronto. Kirkwood, A., Outaouais. Joly, H. G., Quebec. Logan, Sir William, Genand, Docteur. St. Jacques. Elliot, Hunt, & Cie., Preston. Linseed Oil Company Toronto. Starke, Smith, & Cie., Montreal. Morton, G., Brantford. Kerr, Robert, Clarendon. Societe D'Agriculture de Kamouraska. Ecole D'Agriculture de Ste. Anne. Goldsmith, A. W., Ste. Catherine. Canover, Samuel, Port Credit. Robson, J. J., Newcastle. Pratt, John, Coburg. Bartholomew, Philip, Markham. Horner, J., Clarendon. Vaughan, W. H., St. Jean. Societe D'Agriculture de Beauce, St. Marie, Canton de Rawdon. Societe D'Agriculture des deux Montagnes, St. Eustache. Holt, Charles, Brooklin. Societe D'Agriculture de Jacques Cartier, St. Laurent. Rae, John, Port Stanley. Mitchell, Colonel C., Norval. Gooderham, & Worts, Streetsville. Paine Brothers & Co., Doon. Elliot & Hunt, Preston. Black & Forester, Ste. Marie. Morton & Co, Bradford. O'Brien, Colonel, Barrie. Colon, Robert, Port Credit. Denison, Colonel R. L., Toronto. Cavan, James, Port Credit. Young & Co., St. Thomas. Gartshore & Cie., Dundas. Canada Land & Emigration Company, Dysart, Bois, Louis, St. Jean Port Joli. Bod, William, St. Laurent, Turcot, P., St. Henri. Kirkwood, Alexander, Ontaouais.

CHEMICAL AND PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS.—Lyman, Clare, & Cie., Montreal. Giroux, O., Quebec. Linseed Oil Company, Toronto. Canadian Rubber Company, Ativater & Cie, Montreal.

LEATHER AND SKINS.—Cote, O, Quebec. Tetu, David, Riviere Ouelle. Valois, Narcisse, Donovan, Moran, & Cie., Dewitt, Jacob, Ecroyd, Thomas, Kickert, Masely, & Cie, Shaw, F., & Freres, Montreal. Dugal, P., Quebec.

AGRICULTURAL APPARATUS AND PROCESSES USED IN THE CULTIVATION OF FIELDS AND FORESTS.—College et Ecole D'Agriculture de Ste. Anne, St. Anne. Paterson Brothers, Richmond Hill. Mahaffey, Wm., Brampton. Duncan, Alexander, Markham. Gray, John, Edmondville. Jones, D. H. & Cie., Gananoque. Whiting, A. S., Oshawa. Maxwell & Whitelaw, Paris, H. C. Prouix, Isidore, Outaouais.

APPARATUS AND PROCESSES USED IN AGRICULTURAL WORKS, AND IN THE PREPARATION OF FOOD.—Tourangeau, J. G., Quebec. Nightingale, Thomas, Yorkville.

MACHINES AND APPARATUS IN GENERAL.—Dion, Charles, Cox & Murphy Jays, P. E., Montreal. Briggs, J., Gananoque. Gordons, Alexander, & Cie. McLaren, J. C., Campbell, S., Montreal.

MANUFACTURED IRON AND STEEL.—Workman, Brothers, Montreal, Ottawa, & Toronto. Shaw, Ryan, Reil, Lewis & Son, Toronto.

MACHINE TOOLS.—Frothingham & Workman, Montreal. Date, Henry W., Galt, Whity, Philip, Quebec. Flint, J., Ste. Catherine. Dawson, John, Montreal. Abbott, E. E, Gananoque. Morland, Watson, & Cie., Montreal.

APPARATUS AND PROCESSES USED IN SPINNING AND ROPE MAKING.—Tachereau, Onslow, & Ryan, Quebec. Elliot, Hunt, & Cie., Preston. Gooderham & Perine, Streetsville. Thurston, Eyre, Ancaster.

APPARATUS AND PROCESSES FOR SEWING AND FOR MAKING UP CLOTHING.—Gates & Cie., Toronto. Irwin, C., & Cie., Belleville. Raymond, M., Guelph. Wanger, & Cie., Hamilton. Williams, C. W., & Cie., Reed, & Childs, Montreal.

APPARATUS AND PROCESSES USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FURNITURE, &c.—Boissonnault & Freechette, Quebec. Pollock & Calvert, Montreal.

APPARATUS AND PROCESSES USED IN PAPER MAKING, &c.—Boissonnault, N. F., Julien, H., Quebec. Campbell, J. Whitby. Ruthven, James, Montreal.

CARRIAGES AND WHEELWRIGHT'S WORK.—Gingras, Edouard, Gingras, Godefroy, Quebec. Kinley & Saunders, Ste. Catherine. Briggs, J., Byer & Mathew, Gananoque. Gibson, W. H., Oakville. Tahourhenche, Paul, Lorette. Duncan, Alexander, Markham.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.—Bach, Edward, Toronto. Fisher, & Blouin, Quebec. Skinner, William, Gananoque. Wright, J., Quebec. Steward, William, Toronto. Irwin, J. & R., Montreal. Corneil, Charles. Quebec.

RAILWAY APPARATUS.—Compagne du Chemin de Fer du Grandtronc, Montreal. Lakue, & Cie., Trois-Rivieres. McDougall, John, Millard, R, & Cie., Symn, F. H., Montreal.

TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS AND PROCESSES.—Chanteloup, Ernest, Montreal.

CIVIL ENGINEERING, PUBLIC WORKS, AND ARCHITECTURE.—Compagnie des Moulins de Montmorency, Bulmer & Sheppard, Montreal. Gauvreau, P., Gauvreau, Louis, P., Quebec. Brown, J., Thorold.

AVIGATION AND LIFE BOATS.—Dubord, H., Fergusson, T., Valin, P., Rosa, L., Wells, Docteur, Quebec. Painchaud, Docteur, Varennes.

CEREALS AND OTHER EDIBLE FARINACEOUS PRODUCTS DERIVED THEREFROM.—Ecole D'Agriculture de Ste. Anne. Barclay, Francis, Inisfield. Bell, M. M., Toronto. Brownbie, Thomas, York. Logan, Sir William, Montreal. Societe D'Agriculture be Kamouraska. Caruther, James, Haldimand. Paterson, John, L., Scarboroug . Mitchell, John, Mono. Peb, James, Whitby. Riddell, Walter, Cobourg. Keir, Alexander, Westminster. Shaw, John, Niscouri. Shaw, Alexander, Toronto. Tran, James, Markham. Brown, H. J., Niagara. Fleming, James, & Cie., Toronto. Bartholomew, Philip, Markham. Luks, William, Newmarket. Bichle, J. B., Brooklyn. McLean, George, Aberfoyle. Rose, Lawrence, Georgetown. King, J., Hamilton. Verreault, T. G., Dube. Octave, Caron, Etienne, Pelletier, Narcisse, Bois, Clement. St. Jean Port Joli. Bouchard, St. Valier, Young, J., Sheilly, William, Maldrum, J., McJarnet, Robert, Stewart, Archibald, Bristol. West. George, Ste. Foye. Societe D'Agriculture de Levis. Societe D'Agriculture de Beauce, Ste. Marie. Societe D'Agriculture de Vauchenil. Societe D'Agriculture de St. Hyacinthe. Societe D'Agriculture des Deux Montagnes, St. Eustache. Societe D'Agriculture de Jacques Cartier. Pointe Claire, Societe D'Agriculture de St. Jean. Societe D'Agriculture de Port-Neuf, Cap Sante. Ogilvie, A. W., & Cie., Montreal. Parkyn & Brodie, Cote St. Paul Starch Company, Edwardburgh. Pile, James, Whitby. Cleland, William, Glanford. Societe D'Agriculture D'Herville, St. Athanase. Archambault, Hon. P. U., L'Assomption. Letang, C., Pointe Claire. Legueux, P., St. Romauld. Dumas, L., St. Henri. Vaughan, W. H., St. Jean. The Canada Land and Emigration Company, Toronto. Smith, John, York. McNaughton, E., Cobourg

BREAD AND PASTRY.—Fitts, Clark, Montreal.

FATTY SUBSTANCES USED AS FOOD, &c.—Parson, H. R., Guelph. Morton's Cheese Factory, Morton. Campbell, N. J., Nelson. Harris & Ranney, Ingersoll.

MEAT AND FISH.—Kinner, L., Gananoque. Anoysma, Simon, Lac des Deux Montagnes.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.—Ecole D'Agriculture de Ste. Anne. Riddell, Walter, Cobourg.

CONDIMENTS AND STIMULANTS; SUGAR AND CONFECTIONERY.—Pigeon, N., Redpath & Fils, Montreal. Pears, George, Toronto. Thibault, Olivier, L'Islet. Dumontier, P., St. Barthelemy. Societe D'Agriculture de Beauce, Ste. Marie. Wenning, Hill, & Ware, Montreal. Hamel, A., Quebec.

FERMENTED DRINKS.—Pigeon, Narcisse, Montreal. Bilodeau, Michel, St. Michel. Wenning, Hill, & Ware, Montreal.

FARM BUILDINGS AND AGRICULTURAL WORKS.—Painchaud, Docteur, Varnes. Massey, H. A., Newcastle.

USEFUL INSECTS.—Valequet, T. St. Hilaire.

APPARATUS AND MEHODS USED IN THE INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.—College de Ste. Anne. Departement de L'Instruction Publique du Haut Canada, Toronto, Departement de L'Instruction Publique du Bas Canada, Montreal. Ardouin. C. J., Quebec.

LIBRARIES AND APPARATUS USED IN THE INSTRUCTION OF ADULTS, &c.—Departement D'Agriculture des Arts, et de la Statistique, Outaouais. Chauveau, L'Honourable P. J. O., Directeur de L'Instruction Publique dans le Bas Canada, Montreal. Ryerson, le Reverend Docteur, Directeur de L'Instruction Publique pour le Haut Canada, Toronto. Lovell, John, Montreal.

FURNITURE CLOTHING, &c., REMARKABLE FOR USEFUL QUALITIES COMBINED WITH CHEAPNESS.—Bouchard. Mme. St. Valier. Jacques & Hay, Toronto. McGarvey, Owen Montreal.

CANADA: AN ORATION.

ADDRESSED TO EARL GRANVILLE.

For a name wherewith to associate the following ORATION, in the words of an early English writer "I cast about me" whom to choose. It were easy to find a motto, and quotations innumerous and apt, whereby or to head or to adorn the same, for in the poets of Great Britain no name is so often mentioned, and none can be more familiar to the student of general literature, than that which you bear ***, ye who think nothing of giving your hundreds and thousands—yea, and your hundreds of thousands to any German Buth a voker that cometh the road and allies himself to your so-called royal family, or for the support of some effete abortion in descent of a battle-axe brigand of mediæval times, many of whom in this peculiar cycle of our country's history are wasting away their lives; idless, and in rust—or, if you had rather, in idleness and lust—while the general inhabitants of England are themselves condemned to ceaseless toil through lives of weary years, or are poured out in sewage to manure for living crops the soils of other regions. Your actions in the bitter eloquence of deeds have already proclaimed, and we by direst precedent know, what you are likely to do for England proper, even to the risking an impoverishment of the country, and the uprooting of a people whose ancestors were the owners, in ages past, as they are in their descendants to-day the rightful inheritors, of the *Land!* *** What will you do for the fallen defenders of UPPER CANADA, the only unconquered civilised country in the world, those Defenders, those Patriots, those Saviours of the West! who fell, not fighting the battles of the Colonies, but repelling that incursive tide which had its rise in Imperial wrong, in the over-shadowing centuries of Imperial wrong there fell the pioneers of that interesting land, repelling the evil entailed upon them thro' that sad rule of a neighbouring Island by the mother country? There fell the youth of our university, the fair hopes of families blasted for ever. What avails it now to say that in a transition epoch of Colonial history they took their stand with the sublimer patriots of every clime. These words, as with the fire and force of mental eloquence, will only sear and tear the wounds of anguish, in their intensity, deeper and wider when the expression is ready to break forth, but suppressed by feelings too strong for verbal utterance! Oh; had my darling lived, how had he intellectually glorified this land—but 'tis night to me to let Victory *smile* for others. Pioneer and Student fell in the twilight morn of Canada's History. UPPER CANADA! the land of United Empire Loyalists, with whose memories must for ever be associated the traditions, of Oriskany, Wyoming, Queenstown Heights, and Lundy-lane, who, wherever the war notes sounded, as with one united spirit rapt to a burning ocean, rolled along over the invader, guns and cannoneers.

These were the all-conquering and unconquered Saviours of the West, who bore the Standard of England floating like a triumphant sky, above the baleful *stars*. With that immortal band of heroes, I confound not the red-tapist and paltry politician who, with "lip loyalty," would for ever be repeating the words, "our dear prince," "our beloved" "this and that" (Prior) (They would say the same of a man or woman of straw); but not a word about the country proper, or the people who

make, or should make, the nation; as if a mere dynasty made a nation; but I who have nothing to hope, and less to fear from any dynasty, or so-called liberal Government, reiterate that which I declared aforetime, and in a most eventful period. Will you direct, in all those stormy years, to a single conflict from the fall of Detroit to the planting of our standard in the Passamaquoddy in which the Militia of Upper Canada were not the victors? And before I close I will say another word to you, and through you to all concerned. CANADA happily escaped the ignoble parallel of Alfred's presents in Australia; and we, at least, require no presents in the shape of King Toby (to be?) for Canada; for should any scion of Watten race, "or any other man," attempt to mount a throne in CANADA, the fate of Maximilian in Mexico awaits him. Let not the words which I speak unto you, here and now, fall listless or dead upon your auricular organ. * * * The Colonists may be sensitive, and perhaps would be slow to urge that which they no doubt imagine your own sense of propriety should lead you to suggest, that the families of every one who hath either fallen or hath been injured in any way, either in person or in a proprietorial point of view, should be liberally re-imbursed (if you like the word) by the Imperial Country; for while to use T. D'A McGee's words, Canada is the only free country in the world for Irishmen, "if I read history aright," (as Mr. Gladstone would say), the Banner trailed in Blood and Smoke through devastating centuries takes every wind into its Harp in our time, rousing Innisfail, pre-eminently the Land of Martyrs, Innisfail; Juverna! Hibernia! Ireland! whatever your name, in every age, in your inherent steadfastness and ardour, and in the oppression of the alien, I behold in thee the other Poland of Europe; and ye are the "Liberal" Government, who, instead of bringing the Yankees to the right-about for permitting preparations to be openly and avowedly made in the so-called United States for the invasion of our peaceful clime, had the unutterable meanness to thank their mock-Government for the supervision it extended—in what? thus reminding us of some poor Chinaman, who, after receiving the bastinado, prostrates himself before the mandarin, thanking him for the care taken of his education.

Sept. 1, 1870. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

FAREWELL TO CANADA.

"O my loved England, when with thee
Shall I sit down to part no more."

DR. MARK AKENSIDE.

Other scenes are opening wide in life's prospective view,
One look again on CANADA, and then for e'er adieu.
The greatest Land in all the Earth, the world's most famous clime,
Blessed home of my childhood, youth, and early manhood's prime.
Where hopes arose that were more than realised in after days;
Where my first notes were heard, and where I first was crown'd with Bays.
Here, to visions of Fairy Land did my young senses wake,
Forest Giants, Woods, and Floods did in weird language speak.
And I thought each breeze a living being wearing viewless form,
As it came with lulling sound, or rapt in furious storm.
That the lighting-girded clouds were animated pavilions
Spread on th' plains of Day, for Heaven's ethereal millions.
Had I not seen thee, CANADA, I never could have known
Those who must live within mine heart 'till life itself hath flown.
Ay! from many a distant Isle and wide-disparted land,
We met as strangers on a far, though not a foreign strand.

We lived to know and love ; you were indeed a trusty band,
You I'll aye remember, and with contemplation fond on
Muse, even in the throng'd Halls of Imperial London.
And from Albion's Arcadia, Devonia hight,
My spirit to visit you shall oftentimes take its flight,
'Till Heaven op'ning welcome you in more than solar light.
How soon Places in CANADA alter in appearance !
Where's the Shanty of my infant years amid the Clearance,
A Town Hall rises instead, and bright tin spires of many a fane,
My Home is lost in CANADA, I seek it o'er the main.
On that primeval tract where I did first in Bytown sleep,
Legislative Halls ascend on Ottawa's foamy steep
O City of the Cataracts, if e'er I soar to fame,
Let it never be forgotten I did suggest your Name,
While some were for calling you after little men o' red tape,
Some governmental cormorant, or so-called "Royal" Ape.
I struck my stormy lyre, which would sound no word but "Never !
"Call the Prospective Capital after your Mighty River."

Ottawa, Ontario, Toronto, Niagara, and a long list beside are Aboriginal names of places, and each hath a meaning. Let our future settlements, &c., that have no Aboriginal name be called after the great men of our country, such as Shakspeare, Milton, Scottville, Burnstown, &c., all of which places in Canada I know well; and let not living generations disgrace themselves in the eyes of posterity by naming them after mere political officials.

LETTER FROM SIR CHARLES AND LADY WATKINS.

[Our well-known and ever-to-be-honoured friends will be remembered as residing many years at 29, New Charles-street, City-road, London [England]. I and my Mother inhabited the same house with them for about six or seven years: my Mother constantly, and I, except whatever short time I happened now and then to be out of London.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.]

Mort Lake, P.O., Scarboro', January 16, 1870.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. LIDSTONE,—After six months since we had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Lidstone's letter, I now reply to it, hoping this will find you both well and happy, as this leaves us in tolerable good health. Mrs. L.'s letter was dated on Christmas day. Mrs. Watkins feels greatly obliged to Mrs. L. for all the domestic information which it contained. We have no news to send you about Canada, as I hope you receive the Leader regularly, as Mrs. W. posts it every week she goes into Toronto. We have to thank you sincerely for the many *Standards* and other papers you so kindly send us, also the *Londoniad;* they afford as much amusement. We also acknowledge the receipt of supplements and coloured pictures, which amuse all our neighbours and ourselves. I should like to have it in my power to send you some papers that would be worth your acceptance. A young man called upon me a week ago to get my subscription to a Directory of Five Townships round Toronto, containing the names of the inhabitants of the same and a great deal of information. I put my name down for two copies; they will be ready by November next; and I will send you a copy either by Post or by private hand. A Nephew of Mrs. W.'s has gone to England for the purpose of improving himself in portrait painting, his name is I. Halford; he has painted Mrs. W. and her daughter, —good likenesses—he is a self-taught artist, and we think him very clever. We are going on as usual on our farm, improving it all we can, the tenants paying their rents regularly and seem very well satisfied; they have very fine crops and are making

plenty of money. I have had put up a good frame stable for horses, to accommodate any visitor's horses, and it also answers for a wood house. I have had ** cords of wood laid in, and have got one of our tenants to saw and split it for the length of our stoves. I have piled it up in our wood sheds quite dry, and I am in hopes it will last us nearly three years, with what I had left of our old stock; so I am provided for the next two winters. I put in last year nearly all our acres with potatoes, and we had a great ** crop, the fall turned out very wet, and we had a large quantity spoiled, I have sold ** of them. One bushel and half each bag for forty cents per bag, that is two shillings. The potatoes were first-rate quality, like flour. I have the same ground into spring wheat this year and seeded it with clover and timothy grass seed. There are about twelve large fields round our house, some covered with clover in full bloom, others in wheat, barley, turnips, potatoes, &c. So you may suppose our Farm looks very flourishing. We are eating the bread from the grain grown on our land, and Mrs. W. has made the raising from potatoes, and it makes superior bread to the bakers. We have got marrowfat peas in long rows almost in blossom, and we have them to follow in succession; we shall have them nearly all the summer. We have cauliflowers and cabbages looking nice. The weather is now quite showery, which is the making of our garden. We have five sorts of potatoes looking very promising; we are making good preparation for next winter. I see the Government have reduced the postage to England, now a six-cent stamp will take a letter to London by the Canadian Mail, instead of a stamp costing twelve and a half as formerly. We have no news to send you; we know nothing more than you get in the *Leader*. We have lately had a small invasion from the Fenians, but we think it will be the last trial they will make upon us. Mrs. Lidstone mentioned in her letter that Mrs. McKenzie had got married, and her name is now Lidstone; we send our kindest regards to her, with our congratulations, hoping she may long enjoy happiness and comfort—pray who may the gentleman be? and we understand he is residing at Dartmouth, a pretty locality not very far from that nice place, Torquay. I sent Mr. Wilson of the Royal Exchange a Canadian Newspaper, containing the State of Affairs of the Bank of Upper Canada, in which Mr. W. was much interested. I think he forgot his promise to send me a copy of his late much-honoured father's memoirs. Please, give my best regards to him when you see him. Toronto has now grown a large City to what it was, and a fine place it has become, and people are making rapid fortunes now. We have no woods to cut down for firewood nearer than twenty miles from the city. I left sixty acres of fine timber when I went to England, which would be worth a little fortune at the present day, some of the trees were of the value of ten pounds, for making shingles. Please, when you address me again, write, Mort Lake, P.O., Ontario, Canada. The clerks are always putting the pen through Scarboro', as we have eight post-offices in this Township, and letters are apt to be sent to the wrong office. I have no news to send you from here, except I write about ourselves and our farm; therefore do not put me down as opinionated or selfish. Please, Mrs. Lidstone to remember us to all our old acquaintances when you see them. I miss the sea-water fish here, such as I used to buy in London, such as salmon, brill, turbot, mackerel, &c. Since we left for England, and after our return to Canada, we have missed numerous people by death, both old and young. My son, who used to be on our farm has gone to —— Once more we wish you both prosperity, health, and happiness, and say again adieu.—I Remain, dear Mr. and Mrs. Lidstone,

Yours Faithfully,

CHARLES WATKINS.

To J. T. S. Lidstone, Esq.

To His Grace Archbishop Lynch, Toronto.—When I hear people talk in the words of Matthew Prior, "of this and that" I speak again unto them in this wise: When you can show me an Augustine, a C. Borromeus or a Fenelon (all of whose lives I have either written, translated, or paraphrased) at any season that may be convenient to yourselves, I will speak with you . . . . In a future Londoniad I hope to inscribe to the people of Canada, through your Grace, that poem in the 5th Londoniad, which early met approval from the Ecclesiastical Prince whose learning and love of Art were known over the world.

THE PEABODY HUMBUG.

A SPEECH BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

"Just such is the *niggardly* wretch, whose aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminate upon *himself;* who made his own private interests or personal pleasure the sole centre of his designs, and the scanty circumference of his actions."

Hervey's Meditations.

"Motley is all the wear;" Dr. Johnson, in giving a quotation, saith, he declared, in the language of unfeeling commerce, that "he would not rear hospitals for the sick and lazy." Not he, indeed! Now I am one who always like to help those who help themselves; but the more godlike attribute would be to help those who are unable to help themselves. But in your Peabody we could not say, with Dr. Erasmus Darwin,—

"*Thy* Howard journeying seeks the house of woe."

No! he, like one with heart as hard as hoof of spirit reprobate, spent his life without performing a single act of benevolence, unless you call the establishing of Choragic monuments to his own memory benevolence. He spent his existence as a money-grub, and it was only upon the verge of the grave that he advanced funds for the rearing of edifices which; beyond perpetuating his own name (and which must have been his only motive), have never done anyone the least good. Houses for the poor, or what do you call it? The poor are not benefitted, and those who inhabit the houses never expected to save more than from 6d. to 9d. per week in the heyday of expectation and hope; but how has it turned out? Nothing is saved, and a roaring trade is being carried on by some of the trustees. I have somewhere read that "he who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel" (in what?) whatever that may mean. Peabody, however, failed to remember his "nearest-of-kin." I could direct you to hundreds whose lives are one continuing act of benevolence, who would never descend, who would look with horror on a day or hour, much less a lifetime being devoted to filthy lucre. Our late beloved Bishop of Toronto had done more for the good of mankind than 50,000 of your Peabodys ever could do, and that, too, without aiming at establishing the evil precedent that the proceeds of grasping avarice are to be considered the *summum bonum* of terrestrial being. The late, and I will say, the *great* Earl Derby (he who, like another Moses, smote the rock), in the midst of the cotton famine, by one noble deed, poured a blessing upon the nation, that in or onward tide or refluent must for ever keep his memory green in the hearts of men. Our Noble and Honoured President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, by the valuable time spent, and his kindly devotion to the cause of those who are even unconscious of his goodness, ought not to be mentioned in the same day with a money-grub. While the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Sir Wilfred Lawson, in their devotedness to the most holy of all causes, out-do, in all that goes to make up the sum of human happiness a generation of Peabodys every day of their lives; yes! my respected friends, you are engaged in a truly heavenly cause; like the angel troubling the waters in the Gospel of St. John, you are stirring the floods of Time to a certain cure of the greatest evils that afflict Humanity! And who is this Peabody, the recipient of your ovation, to-day? Had the gallant South triumphed, he had remained unknown, dimeless and centless, while many a Southern heart, filled with the milk of human kindness, had spread a *Via Lactea* over the hitherto dark paths of the wretched. A true specimen of the Yankee was this Peabody; for, while he, like others of his country folk, affected to despise titles, those of royalty included, with all of their collaterals, carried about with him the Queen's portrait, as a sort of Agnus Dei, and hath caused the same, as if it were a Madonna, to be suspended in the midst of his fellow-Yanks. Poor Man! he had exhausted his energies in grasping that which could not do him any good, and which he took care should do no other one any good till on the verge of life, and when he should have had his eyes turned towards the King of Heaven, he returned to England on purpose to see the Queen of England—had such a hope ever been held out to him, he ought certainly to have realised it—but there may have been an act of discourtesy committed by some one or more, and somewhere, something of the same kind that happened about the same time, that of omitting (and which would have taken at most only a few minutes) to write a note in answer, cost Britain £10,000,000 sterling, beside the lives of Human Beings, in the Abyssinian War.

INVASION? OF CANADA!!!

Hang out the Black Flag! let no quarter be given,
Upper Canada as one man goes on the war track!
Vengeance is awake! we have sworn before heaven
That the Yankee MAY LAND, but he shall NEVER GO BACK.

THE MARBLE BUST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, now in the Town Hall of Toronto, was presented by the Author of the Londoniad. I should feel a peculiar happiness in sending thither Marble Busts of those great and good gentlemen the most eminent in Canada, who placed their names at head of my first list in the following order, Hon. Henry Sherwood, Chief Justice, afterwards Sir J. B. Robinson, President McCaul, Mayor Gurnett, and our beloved Bishop, who would have placed his name first thereon had he been in Toronto, A copy of this Bust is in the Temple Library, London (Eng.)

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.—When I first went into public life, [those of later years will be published hereafter].

From the six-times elected Mayor and late Member of Parliament for Toronto.

Toronto, January 29th, 1852.

The bearer, Hon. T. Spencer Lidstone, Bard of U. C., wishes an introduction from me to some of the literary gentlemen of . . . . not having such acquaintance in . . . . . I can only state in a general way that Mr. Lidstone is a favourite in Toronto. He purposes writing a Poem on . . . , during his visit to that City.

J. G. BOWES, Mayor.

The principal reason of his visiting . . . . . is to have prepared some engravings for a grand pictorial work for British America, and to negotiate debentures.

J. G. B.

From W. H. BOULTON, Member of Parliament for TORONTO.

The bearer of this, Hon. James T. Spencer Lidstone, a gentleman possessing most singular powers as a Poet, and to so great an extent, that he has in consequence become a great favourite with a very large portion of our population.

He has numerous and warm friends and supporters, to whom much pleasure will be afforded as well as to myself, if in his anticipated visit to . . . , and other portions of . . . his peculiar talent and social qualities are appreciated to the same extent that they have been in Canada. W. H. BOULTON, M.P.P. Toronto.

July 3rd, 1852.

Private Letter from the five times elected Mayor of Toronto.

TORONTO, Sept. 2nd 1851.

MY DEAR ——— The bearer, Hon. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, a gentleman of independent means, who has resided for many years in this city, is about to visit . . . , professionally. He has rendered himself very popular in Toronto, and is correct and honorable in all his transactions and has always maintained a good credit. He purposes to write a poem on . . . , its rise and progress, as well as upon other topics.

May I solict your countenance, and that of my other friends in . . . , to his undertaking? Believe me, Yours faithfully, GEO. GURNETT.

From the Attorney General of U. C. and Premier, under the Conservative Administration.

Hon. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone is about to visit the city of . . . in order to have some engravings executed and to commemorate in verse the rise and prosperity of that city. I know him to be a gentleman of more than ordinary talent, and I beg leave to introduce him to the attention of the citizens of that place. HENRY SHERWOOD, M.P.P.

Any undertaking which Mr. Lidstone enters upon to carry out his object as above stated, I agree to pay towards it the sum of . . . . (this was kindness on the part of our Western Prince but no sum was required). J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

Extract from a letter accompanied with a poem written by Mrs. Moodie, (wife of High Sheriff Moodie, County of Hastings,) sister of the great female historian, Agnes Strickland, and herself the authoress of several popular works:

"You have within you all the elements of true greatness, noble mental powers, a splendid memory, a candid and unprejudiced spirit, above fear and above envy, everything to ensure success in life," &c.

The following letter is from the truly princely STEWART DERBISHIRE, the first Member for Ottawa.

TORONTO, August 8th, 1851.

"I have known Mr. Lidstone from the earliest years of his infancy, and his family long before. He is not only eminent for his poetical and oratorical talents, but I know him to be a perfect gentleman, possessing a very great amount of general knowledge; energetic and enterprising, his unbounded generosity and amiable deportment have won him many warm-hearted and powerful friends throughout Eastern and Western Canada; he has unbounded influence with a great portion of our people of Canada, and has held high office in our Country; he was elected at 19 years of age, being the youngest member ever sent to Parliament for any place in any period of the history of these Provinces; . . . . . I am prepared to give my bond for any engagement into which Mr, Lidstone may enter.

STEWART DERBISHIRE.

To the Hon. James Spencer Lidstone;

We, the undersigned Members of Parliament in United Canada aware of your high enterprise and literary attainments respectfully request you to write a Poem on Parliamentary Character, and we pledge ourselves to take the number marked opposite our names.

(I need not at this late period of time cause the NUMBERS to be printed, as all acted very liberally. I doubled the amount received, and founded therewith the first School of Design in Canada. I was at that time in the University.)

The names appear in the first 16th Londoniad.

I have much pleasure in adding my name to the above list for a Poem on Parliamentary Character, by the Hon. James Spencer Lidstone.

(Hon.) RENE E. CARON, Speaker of the Legislative Council.

I am well acquainted with the Signature of the above gentleman and with great happiness I place my name in attestation

(Hon.) JAMES LESLIE, Provincial Secretary.

Buffalo, Nov. 25th, 1851.

To Honourable James T. Spencer Lidstone.

SIR,—We, the Corporation of Buffalo, understanding that it is your intention soon to leave our city in order to proceed to those of Toronto and other places, cannot allow you to depart without expressing our warm approbation of your high honourable and gentlemanly deportment, during all the period of time in which you resided amongst us. Wishing you success in all your literary undertakings, weremain, with great respect and esteem.

L. F. TIFFANY, Mayor, *pro tem.* (Banker.)
MYRON P. BUSH, (Currier.)
PAUL ROBERTS, (Clothier.)
C. S. PIERCE, (Lumberer.)
JOHN WALSH, (Broker.)
GEORGE L. HUBBARD, (Plumber.)
A. MCKAY, (Upholsterer.)
HARRISON PARK, (Artist.)
M. W. HILL, M.D.
A. S. SWARTZ, (Railway Car Maker.)

The Mayor of that day, JAMES WADSWORTH, was absent from Buffalo, but his letter to me has been already printed. The above formed the entire corporation of

Buffalo, there were no councilmen as with us; Lucius F. Tiffany, Esq., was Mayor afterwards. There is a poem in the 12th Londoniad, which I wrote for my dear friend, that perfect gentleman, Alderman Tiffany, while he was yet alive; it appears too, in the QUEEN OF THE WEST, and I had a desire to incorporate it in the Londoniad.

The Inhabitants of Western New-York, and who are our own nearest neighbours in the Northern States, must not be confounded with Yankees having their Head Quarters in Boston, who are altogether another sort of People, who render themselves still more odious to the rest of the world by the detestable, cowardly vice of hypocrisy, under the veil of which mean villanies in every form are practised by them. With its inhabitants all the horrid monsters represented by Milton as guarding the ford of Lethe, may not be compared.

From the well-known Builder; first Printed May, 1858.

The bearer of this note is a nephew of mine, who left London at a very early age, and proceeded to Canada, where he remained for upwards of twenty years.

By his own exertions he bore himself through King's College, Toronto University, and became afterwards a Member of the Provincial Parliament. His business habits, intelligence, and amiable deportment, will soon render him familiar to those gentlemen who will find pleasure in conversing with a young Englishman just returned to his native country after a long absence.

July, 1855. J. LIDSTONE,

(Copy.) 50, Old Bailey, & Dartmouth Park, Kent.

(The original is in possession of Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.)

Extract from the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford's Speech.

"At the last Auxiliary SOIREE, I sat beside one of the noblest specimens of human nature that ever I had the happiness of conversing with in my life, while next to him sat a very charming lady; I took them to be husband and wife. It turned out, however, that the lady was the gentleman's mother, who had been a Total Abstainer thirty-five years, and who is present to-night, a living testimony to the fact that abstinence preserves the beauty of youth.

P.S. I need not tell the intelligent reader that the Author of the Londoniad and his Mother are here alluded to. J. T. S. L.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you sincerely for the poem which you have been good enough to write and to send me. It does great credit to you as a Literary Artist and a Scholar, and will, I trust, be of service to your future.

I am, ever yours, faithfully, N. CARD. WISEMAN.

(The Poem alluded to appears in the 5th Londoniad.)

The QUEEN's letter through Col. Grey, and PRINCE ALBERT's letter, appears in the last Londoniad.

Hon. JUDGE CLINTON: please see the last Londoniad.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA (the Burning Cloud.) Representative of the good Templars, a Temperance body numbering close upon a million on the Western Continent, and twenty-five thousand in Canada. Your speech of February 24th, 1869, hath made you famous over Europe. My address to you is in type.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's letter appears in the 16th Londoniad.

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.—At an early prospective period I will cause to be printed and published certain accounts and cause a copy of them to be sent to every known type-founder, printer, and publisher, as well as to every Member of Parliament in Great Britain and Ireland. Signed J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

(FROM THE GREAT FINANCIER).

The Chevalier Laveillet-Dupont considers that Canada is under many and great obligations to Mr. Lidstone. He took our Debentures when few were willing, and fewer still were able, and as the interest became due he would only accept such again in Debentures; he has by his wisdom and energy caused our Colonial Debentures to be more eagerly sought after than any other paper issue on this Continent. He it was who first caused an impetus to be given, whereby were established our monetary triumphs in the mother country; he stood our friend in the dark time, and we greatly welcome him in this our day of comparative opulence and prosperity.

Please, see his letter in the last Londoniad.

A NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

I have one thousand Legends of the Canada Aborigines ready for the press. The following is a most beautiful one:—

THE ORIGIN OF MAIZE.

Long ago good spirits lived amongst our fathers in their villages and hunting grounds. This was before the pale face came over the Great Salt Lake, and when, as yet, Ahmeek (the Beaver) was in the form of Indian, Annemee-kee (the thunder) shook the woods and the rivers, for Arieoske had seized on the minds of men, and they had all gone on the war path. For many moons they had served the spirit of evil, and when at length they breathed the home wind, their villages lay desolate, and famine was in all the hunting grounds. Nee-ba-naw-baigs (evil water spirits), instead of fishes, thronged the rivers, and mists and waving moss, enphantomed birds and animals in the hunting grounds. Manito (the Indian God) had called all his beamy children (the good spirits) to the silent land; Mandamon, one of the good spirits, who had gone to the shadowy country, and who, while in the home of the Indian (on Earth) had always delighted to help in Agricultural labours, asked Manito to be allowed to visit the home of the *Soul-case* again. [I do not know what English equivalent would be likely to suit the picturesque and beautiful Indian term, but this from the Fairy Legends of Ireland will do to Illustrate.—J. T. S. L.] Minato smiled approval! Darkness rolled itself in clouds and passed away; sunlit billows, spraying, hymned through the evening land, the branches of the trees and flowers sang in a new creation, like the birds, as in aerial loveliness, gathering the splendours of sunset around him, he assumed the figure of youthful manhood, in the first full glow of virility, impregnating the airs as he passed along, to instantaneous birth sprang new tribes of Mandamons, each in turn, and immediately repeating himself upon the Beautiful and Good (or Peaceful). It was in this manner that Mandamon established himself upon the Earth to sustain its Inhabitants in form of MAIZE.

☞ The above Article is Copyrighted, as are all others in the Londoniad.

CRITIQUE ON THE LONDONIAD BY THE EMINENT AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS, WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

[EXTRACT.]

The ingenuity of his invocations is deserving of all praise; to him the very difficulties of the subject are not only grappled with, but made subservient to poetic ends. There is a grandeur of conception about him exceeds the highest flight of Bon Gualtier's muse. We doubt whether any poet, British or foreign, has ever before gone so straight to the subject, and yet never omitted to mingle with it some element of the sublime, as Mr. Lidstone.

FROM SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

[EXTRACT.]

No poet, ancient or modern, has ever shown himself to be so perfect a master of terms in Arts and Technics of Science; and although some of his productions may resemble Michael Angelo's Dream in the National Gallery, seemingly confusedly thrown together, yet so perfect a Literary Artist is he, that all will be found equally perfect with that extraordinary picture of the great Florentine. His Prose Articles, even to the foot-notes, when such appear, bespeak great energy of character, almost universality of knowledge, and are perfect orations. There is no single piece, either prose or poetry, in which some original idea or mode of expression peculiarly grand does not exhibit itself. I have not met with a false or hacknied simile in the *Londoniad*, notwithstanding their profusion, while many of them are startling enough. He seems early to have established for himself a system of perfect rhyme, while his talent for quotation, and powers of illustration, show, how deeply and extensively a sprightly mind, may become embued with classical and legendary lore, and at the same time be *au fait* in all that relates to practical science.

LITERATURE AGAINST ATTEMPTED JUDICIAL INFAMY.

The enlightened student having a little time to spare would be able to form out of Butler's Hudibras an excellent motto, for there are the words, Exchequer Kelly. The next Londoniad will contain a tribute to SIR GILLERY (Baron) PIGOTT. Had it not been for his wisdom, and the defiance flung by the Author of the Londoniad into the face of a formalist of the first water, he who now addresses you must have fallen a prey financially to the greatest villany, ever sought to be perpetrated in any country but be he defaulter bankrupt and swindling typo, or bewiged paper.

I raise the warning voice to the enemy the wonderful words of *Wallenstein* (SCHILLER.)

"Frohlocke nicht!
Denn eifersüchtig sind des Schicksals Machte,
Voreilig Jauchzen greift in ihre Rechte.
Von saumen legen wir in ihre Hände;
Ob Glücke, ob Unglück aufgeht, lehrt das Ende.

HAIL MINERVA! (Patroness of Literature) dost thou then permit thy attribute (Onithological) that emblem of judicial wisdom! to symbolise in its organs of vision thro' meridian day, the mental optic of man dazzled with the light of truth; by some talismanic influence, some magical transformation, some yet unrecognised principle of Metempsychosis—more than Ovidian Metamorphosis in this island of a northern main, and age of Velocipedes and Horse-hair Wigs.

Far remote from classic climes,
If not from fabulous times

Established BUBO (*Angelic* OWL: Genus Strix) on the seat of "English Minos" as Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

A New Edition of the Oration in its entirety will be given as an extra with this, the 3rd-16th Londoniad.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM MY WELL-KNOWN AND LONG-ESTABLISHED ENGLISH PRINTERS.

July 27, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Had the 19th edition of your work been placed in our hands two or three weeks ago, we should, without doubt, been able to have got it up in time. As we happen to know you have bound yourself to a given period in regard to the publishing of the same; therefore we should not like to, and indeed we would not, disappoint you. We have done a great deal of printing for you during the many years in which we have been favoured with your confidence; and whatever may have been the amount of our accounts, it was all the same to you, and always paid with equal grace and alacrity. It must now be a source of pleasurable remembrance to us, that we, at least in these times, have experienced the wisdom and courtesy of an honourable and enlightened business gentleman.

(Signed.) ADAMS AND KING,
7, Wilderness-row, London.

To J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq.

TO SIR ROBERT PORRETT COLLIER,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL, AND THE

RIGHT HON. JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE,

SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

As Devonshire gentlemen and family friends, I inscribe the following little poem to you. It was published in the lifetime of "plain John." Alderman Salomons will tell you that I was the means of ousting "Hon-or-ab-le William," what time he entered the field of Candidature for the representation of Greenwich, and I ask your kind attention, and that of other enlightened personages, to the last few lines of page 40 in the present Londoniad.

"When I hear of high Devonian pretensions, I confess I am reminded of the celebrated saying of Serjeant Davey, that the oftener he went into the West he better understood that the wise men came from the East."—JOHN CAMPBELL'S *Lives of the Chief Justices.*

O! CAMPBELL! (John), are those indeed your words
You the most mean soul'd of all the Paper Lords.
Lo! Devon's fame in history appears,
Her sons of every Science pioneers;
No track of country of the same extent
So many glorious souls thro' earth hath sent.
So much for Devonshire, and more that true;
But I must turn, oh, living lie, to you—
What have you for Time's generation done?
Sire of an effete abortion, called a *son.*
"Hon-or-ab-le William," stay the recital,
What hoary loon of th' *Stratheden title.*

HON. GEORGE BROWN,

(KNOWN AS THE ROGUE ELEPHANT), AND THE GLOBE.

This personage was once our Prime Minister for two days. About two years ago, I saw a document at Whitehall, in which George Brown's name was the thirty-seventh upon the list for the title of C.B.. I then and there declared that it would take all the waters of the Gulf Stream, and more than a second Siloam, to wash him morally clean. I related his doings in Scotland and in New York, and more than I can here repeat. His name was then marked out of the said list. I have a Satire upon him, of which the following quotation, from Sir Francis Bond Head's Narrative, will form the motto:—

"He is, without exception, the most notorious liar in all our country. He lies out of every pore of his skin. Whether he be sleeping or waking, on foot or on horseback, talking with his neighbours or writing for a newspaper, a multitudinous swarm of lies, visible, palpable, and tangible, are buzzing and settling about him like flies around a horse in August."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

I happened to be in Birmingham at two of the greatest turns out of a people in modern times. It was my privilege to be present in the Classic Town Hall when that general friend of man, John Bright, was illustrating verbally things in general, and every thing in particular. Your name is mentioned, noises arise, "horrible discord," more than ever Hogarth's enraged musician could have any idea of, sounds that I am sure neither Naturalist nor Machinist ever heard in the pursuit of Science and Art, and unimaginable to all save those who, waiting for the return of the Stygian Columbus, or rather Montgolfier, amuse themselves while—

"Hell scarce holds the wild uproar."—*Milton.*

One of the Transatlanti present remarked to a fellow-friend of his, "I guess, this Squire Lowe's a Tory." "Guess not—a Conservative-Liberal," was the reply; and truly the sprightly inhabitants of that interesting town, as with the prescience of a whole generation of prophets, foresaw, or rather beheld, without the aid of second-sight, the liberality of Mr. Lowe, who is liberal enough in all conscience—with other people's money, the people being taxed, in time of peace, half-a-year in advance. This is nearly as objectionable as the tax alluded to by Robert Burns in one of his poems, and quite as objectionable as that laid on a certain substance by Vespasian, which led his son Titus to expostulate, and he in return to say:—

Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet.

I am convinced that the Institution itself must soon become, under its present supervision—even as the individual members of the so-called "liberal" Government are already—*lotio mustus.*

"Let us not, however, blame the poor Britons; they have still" a Chancellor of the Exchequer who refused to disgrace the banks of the Thames, by the erection thereon of a second Vampyria.

THE WARNING AND PROPHECY.

Demon, creat of yesterday, exult not over undying France, for
2 *dead* Princes and a Headless King, *exchange* a LIVING EMPEROR.

W. BELL,

VULCANIZED AND UNVULCANIZED INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURER. All kinds of Surgical Appliances made in Vulc. India Rubber. Pure Sheet Rubber cut to any size. Tubing Moulded Goods, Stationers' Rubber, &c., &c. WORKS, GUILDFORD STREET, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH, LONDON.

Dreaming in the South was I under a magnolia
Of classic clime, and festival Elaphebolia,
I was rapt to Artocarpus integrifolia
And Ficus Indica Orient shades, long and well
I studied here the India Rubber deeds of William Bell,
Hæva caouchouc, and Iatropa elastica,
Through weird metempsychosis in your bard did strike a
New life! I beheld wonders that I never saw before,
And streams of knowledge rolled like sunlit seas without a shore.
My Lambeth Hero now alone in Britain bears the Bell,
And in him the world's advancement doth wond'rous story tell,
Thro' Christendom and Heathynesse his are alone in vogue,

* * * * * *

Bell's Manufactures through the world are ever greatly prized.
Here I Behold such Vulcanized and eke Unvulcanized,
O! Vulc—' India Rubber glorified by the sciences,
Tis here we have all kinds of Surgical Appliances.
Therapeutics, hail! and what under occidental skies
We greatly value, Pure Sheet Rubber cut to any size,
From hence I order Fine, or Grey, or compound Rubber Sheet,
Here so much per lb., not sold in lengths—so many feet.
Vulcanized India Rubber, ditto Washers,
Have stood th' test above the rest, including Yankee Smashers,
For Steam, Water, Air, Gas, &c. he prepares the joints,
Of every kind: 'tis thus fame our William Bell anoints.
The Yankee innovator, each Colonist now throttles,
Welcome, Rubber for Cricket Gloves, Teats for feeding bottles,
And Tubing for the same, Hot Water Cushions, and Foot Balls,
For such every nation of the world constantly here calls.
Avaunt! full quickly now, ye Massachusetts loons,
Though we have not now Chest Expanders, Catapults, Balloons,
Yet what the living age in all lands very much demands,
Are Bell's Imperial and Circular Elastic Bands.
I've used all those which I received from Mayor Edwin Yates' hands,
Sponge Bags and Bathing Caps, I took under Niagara Falls,
Where daylight thro' the waters seemed breaking as thro' living walls.

SNELLING BROTHERS,

23, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, Shippers of Leather Goods, Fancy Goods, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Walking Sticks, Camp Stools, Fishing Tackle, Archery, Cricketing Goods, Croquet Games, Outdoor Games, Parlor Games, &c.

While the Stream of Helicon is in living waters welling,
I pass the Rubicon to sing of famous Brothers Snelling.
Argo with heavy cargo now doth on the ocean rock,
With specimens which I took from those actually in stock.
I found our family firm with all enterprise embued,
And in executing orders renown'd for promptitude.
The prices that I now quote to our uprising nation
Are subject, as many know, to what's called fluctuation;
But on a subject new to him need now the bard enlarge,
Only the present market value the Messrs Snelling charge,
In whatever clime those engaged in th' Toy and Fancy trade,
And when personal visits cannot readily be paid
By our pioneer friends residing in the mighty West,
Let them name the amount they may be disposed to invest,
Then will Brothers Snelling take them down from their well-stored shelves—
They know better what will suit you than you can know yourselves.
Post Office Orders (this should the customer be a novice)
To be made payable at the General Post Office.
Snelling Brothers, Farringdon Street, giving them th' preference
Two good London Firms, as satisfactory reference,
Please, name: I think this is but right, with all due deference.
I say to folk as to payment, yourselves you need not feck,
Deduct th' per centage if you please, and here's at once the Cheque.
Under their extensive domes the arts in myriads smile,
They seem t' have drawn from ev'ry manufactory of our Isle,
And that which is now animating th' awaken'd nation,
His first son is *au fait* at technical education.
Of seventy-five other houses, I choose theirs in th' room,
It brings to my mind Moslem Eden's eternal PERFUME;
And if our enlighten'd Brothers still ope the weather eye,
Th' whole of our New Dominion they shall entirely supply.

There are Two Testimonials which I desire to see established in England, the EDWIN YATES' and the A. H. LAYARD, for which I will most willingly give a cheque at any moment for my amount of subscription [sixty guineas each] to HODGSON PRATT, Esq., and to ALDERMAN ASION.

RICHARD EDWARD HAYWARD,

(Successor to the late Mr. T. Nortzell), BUTTON AND ORNAMENT MANUFACTURER, CUTLERY, HARDWARE, AND BUTTON WAREHOUSE. Arms and Crests Found, Dies and Seals Engraved, Lace Epaulets Aguilets, &c. 50, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. From 21, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, Post Office Orders payable at Long Acre.

Minerva, Patroness of Arts, came and lit me dayward,
Thro' the mental majesty of Richard Edward Hayward.
From the red Atlantic to the blue billows of Gortzell,
All thou shalt supply, worthy Successor of T. Nortzell.
We hail no more a New Yorker, much less a Yankee Scrub.
Hither we hie for Uniforms, our Livery and Club.
Every great family of Great Britain to *Him* applies,
He the Royal and Noble of Britain well supplies.
Ay, when "John Thomas" left us it was with tears in his eyes;
Declaring, in solemn accents, as he Hudson Bay ward
Turn'd, that he should miss the Ornaments of the Great Hayward.
Thro' the City proper, long and very happily known,
Where his intellect and manners had borne him to renown.
The light of rare intelligence that my Hero imparts
Hath carried his lovely works to the zenith of Fine Arts.
Thus th' Muse the triple chaplet doth alone on Him confer,
Imperial London's Glory and Prime Manufacturer.
What doth a sense o' stability in the Colonies arouse,
O, Master Mind, ☞ Button, Hardware, Cutlery Warehouse;
Nor yet upon his laurels well won, Richard Edward rests;
Equal to the best epochs, by Him are found Arms and Crests.
And since the Yanks have so badly to our British West behaved,
Here, and here only, shall our Dies and Seals be Engraved.
Lace, Epaulets, Aguilets, &c., on occasion,
We present such to those who drive back the tide of invasion.
Thus from "Royal tower'd Thame" (Pope) th' Patron Muse doth take her
Flight, with all her Argosies from 50 in Long Acre.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Beattie's original marble bust of Robert Burns, of which an account appeared in the 14th Londoniad, is destined for the above-mentioned Seat of Learning, to which I present it, and I desire that therewith be associated the name of a young friend, Master Malloch, son of Judge Malloch, county Lanark, and nephew of Edward Malloch, Esq., formerly member for the county of Carleton. I have lately had prepared for this famous Bust a Laurel, represented in Hammered Iron Work, by our Modern Qnintin Matseys G. Albon, which will be sent with it.

TOMLIN, RENDELL, & Co.,

EMINENT SHIPPERS, 33, EASTCHEAP, AND 4, CROWN COURT, LONDON, E.C.

All the great merchants of our New Dominion now resort
To No 33, Eastcheap, and No 4, Crown Court,
'Tis right our Colonists should know the proper place to go,
And hence I chose for them the firm, Tomlin, Rendell, & Co.,
Whose business affairs, unrivalled for their extent,
Fill all the Ocean Isles and circle every Continent,
Rising like unto Swan wings in the careering gale,
In every latitude their Argosies deep-laden sail.
Some abominations erst made their stomachs work,
Bearing ominous words, bestial "Boston," Gotham "New York,"
But no name of a firm might even Argus' eyes discern,
Nor whence the articles originated could we learn;
But now, ye Muses' guiding light our Colonists shall lead
To th' House of everlasting fame; we've heard of the Boar's Head
Of which a great deal (William Cowper), "hath been said or sung,"

* * * * *

Almonds are here which great Britain and the whole World approves.
Arrowroot Tous-le-Mois, Candy, Cassia, Cinnamon, Cloves,
Farina, Ginger, Honey, Mace, Nutmegs, Paste, Pimento,
Hark! Niagara strikes a louder lay in primo cento;
The Golden Gate by billows blown sprays over Sacremento.
And what might have pacified Othello and Iago,
The all-soothing qualities of Rice, Rice meal, and Sago.
Paste, Pepper, purer, hotter, than tripergola Lago,
Like unto Milton's mariners, their Spices ravished me,
They from the Thames instanter rapt me unto Araby.
Seeds, to the Colonial novice the Yank no longer panders,
English fine New, do. Dutch, Carraways, Corianders,
Hail, Tapioca, Mixed Spice, Gelatine, and Isinglass
With those, while Yankees gape in vain, adventurous I pass:
The evening winds on a sunset main wake my Æolian lyre—
O' th' "spicy breezes" (Heber) sights, sounds that do th' bard inspire.
Who hath sung of *Tea?* Muse of Memory learn'd as Chiron!
Waller, Addison, Pope, Swift, Young, Cowper, Shelley, Byron.
What those Immortal Sons of Light in deathless Numbers wrote,
If there were room in the Londoniad, I would gladly quote.
Nothing, us to import from Massachusetts could induce,
After examining of our great London firm their juice.
Muse! lift your voice, over th' Blue Waters of Atlantic Sea,
And tell how truthful are our firm in their shipments of Tea.

Every box by them is open'd on the shores of Thames,
And if not found genuine is committed to the flames,
Hence doth theirs rank with the best of London's trustworthy names,
'Tis supposed that I do nought but with manufacturers;
The believer in this, I ween, not very widely errs,
But the worst thing of a House in their line that I could say,
Would be to announce them as such in this peculiar lay.
True, in preparing and transmitting, man's aid is given,
But th' Articles were blown to being by the breath of Heaven.
And the Bard who hath for Haut Canada so greatly cared,
Doth announce, here and now, that all is ever the Best Prepared.
Our Junior Partner's Brother joins thy adventurers band,
Pioneer Patriots, in th' Assembly of Newfoundland,
As in statemanship he flourishes beyond the deep,
So doth our famed firm in general business and Eastcheap.

THE PERFECTION OF CORN FLOUR.

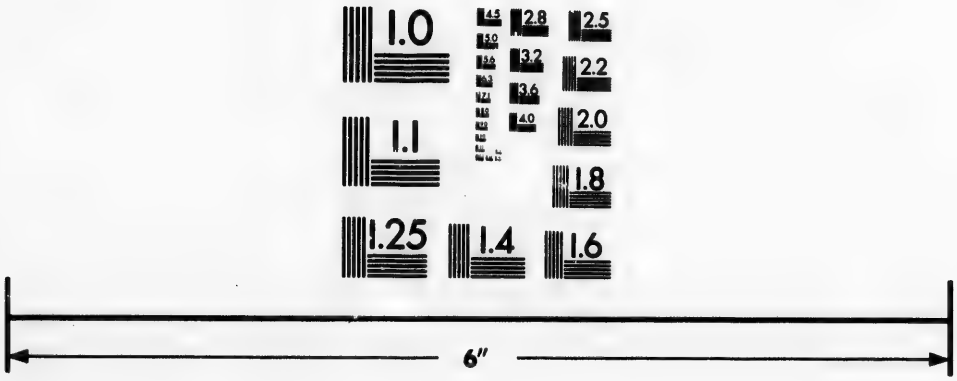
PRIZE MEDAL, LONDON, 1862. "Exceedingly Excellent for Food."

PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS, 186 "Perfection of Preparation."

"MAIZENA."

List! the Muse saith never shall an intense beam of Sol, Son,
Shine upon the overwashed "Oswego," or so-called Brown and Polson
We're not Mus rattus nor Mus decumanus to devour
Such, but here in all its perfectitude we have Corn Flour.
The "Maizena" alone is now by the world regarded,
To this, and this only, was the Prize Medal awarded
When it the claim of all others on the globe overthrew,
At the London Exhibition 18-62.
The Jurors' report I turn'd to French beyond the flood,
This I remember, "Exceedingly Excellent for Food'"
From the renowned Messrs Huntley and Palmers I did take,
Made of "Maizena," cake and biscuit to each upper Lake,
The most learn'd of our time, Drs. Hassall and Lankester,
The palm to this alone above every other kind confer,
The Sole Silver Medal of Honour to this was given,
With "perfection of preparation" Paris, 67.
I took some from Paisley it had like our tribes to smother,
Try "Maizena" once, and you'l never use any other.
Thus th' Muse in Glen-cove field like another Ruth doth glean, a
Plume-a shook a sheaf or "what-do-ye-call-it "Maizena."

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

2.8
2.5
3.2
2.2
3.6
2.0
4.0
1.8
1.0

LOUIS P. CASELLA,

THE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL
AWARDED FOR REGISTERING
METEOROLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

METEOROLOGICAL, OPTICAL, SURVEYING, AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKER to the Admiralty, Board of Ordnance, and the various Government Departments; the Royal Observatories at Kew, Toronto, Victoria, and Calcutta; the British Meteorological Society, the Royal Geographical Society, and the Governments of India, Spain, Portugal, Russia, America, &c., &c. Astronomical and Meteorological Instruments arranged in Sets for Colleges, Schools, and Private Observatories. 23, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Now shall the ardo'rous Muse of etern science swell a
Longer, louder note, thrice hail, Louis Paschal Casella.
What Niagara is to water, Etna is to flame,
Is my transcending hero in the blazing rolls of fame.
I am never tired oratorially displaying
The good of having perfect Instruments in Surveying,
Before can Fort or Shanty, much less City rise, or e'er
Can advance forward the adventurous Pioneer
To tread the umbrageous wilds, or those same wilds to clear;
Some One must go before o'er unsail'd floods to lead the way,
Some Enlightenèd Son of Science with thy spirit ray,
Casella endued, and inspired, the dark region to survey.
To introduce 'tis now the prime of the Minstrel's intents
Over all the expanding West, Surveying Instruments.
Lucifer of the Morn may have been the first Betrayer,
But the Almighty Creator was the first Surveyor.
Our voyagers never think they have all things set a-right,
Without my thrice Illustrious Hero's Theodolite.
Present safety and all Hope of the Future centres
In the great Casella's Levels and his Circumferenters,
Long hath the vile Yankee to our New Dominion pandered,
But to Him through whom we'll yet secure the Metric Standard,
Do we turn with wistful eye from o'er the Atlantic foam—
Soul-attracting Science' works from distant England home.
To whom shall we, then, in these more peaceful times the palm assign
But to our Immortal Man, the Prince of all his line.

Speak of Joshua's Sun and Moon, and of Ahaz' Dial,
Through Him I bring Heaven ev'ry night near unto this Isle,
Or if you'd rather, 'midst Island Universes driven,
I moor this sailing continent unto the beach of Heaven,
Traversing immensity, Mariner on a boundless sea,
Suns and Systems, as sands, stranding th' Ocean Eternity.
As Wholesale Optician He is through all the Nations known
The Meteorological thrills sea and land with his renown,
The Philosophical Him, too, mentally doth engage,
The Purifier and Enlightener of the later age.
Need I trace Mathematics thro' all climes
To fab'lous names and mythologic times,
Before or Thales or Pythagoras,
From Egypt filled with knowledge into Greece did pass;
The light that streamed in floods from ancient days
Descends upon the hero of my lays,
Is there aught on earth that can now Casella's fame enhance,
Maker to the Admiralty, Board of Trade, and Ordnance.
His deeds all the Governments of the Orient hail,
And they alone with the Muscovite Government prevail,
To every "State of the Union" they are under sail.
Nightly while millions sleep, awake, they me inspire,
Of famed Casella we need not for this and that inquire,
Let him but know your aim, and he'll tell you what you require.
Our Greatest Men that ever ventured over from the West
To Imperial London, always proclaim him the Best,
Best in manners, as he is acknowledged to be the best in Science,
In whom all our Occidental countries have affiance,
He not the Imitator, the mere manipulator,
But he walks a new-awakened world, Second Creator.

UPPER CANADA.

Poems, embracing the names of Manufacturers, in the following Towns in Upper Canada, will appear in the Supplement:

GANANOQUE.	THOROLD.	NEWCASTLE.
KINGSTON.	DURDAS.	COBOURG.
OSHAWA.	WHITBY.	HURON.
ST. CATHERINE.	GUELPH.	PARIS, BRANT.
HAMILTON.	ANCASTER.	BRAMPTON.
GALT.	BELLEVILLE.	MARKHAM.
PRESTON.	STREETSVILLE.	RICHMOND HILL.
HESPELER.	BRIGHTON.	YORKVILLE.

Please, see Toronto, in the present Londoniad, p. 102.

ST. HELENS CROWN GLASS COMPANY.

PILKINGTON BROTHERS. MANUFACTORY—ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE. Agent in London, JOHN SALMOND, 26, BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

Some time ago did I through the Midlands of England pass,
And *chanced* to visit a manufactory so-called for Glass.
Henry was good enough, but unlike self-repeating Rhea,
The other I found to be a wight of but one idea.
Beside, I cared not so far away to go, but higher
Soared : Hail, St. Helens Company, St. Helens, Lancashire.
In Nature and Art I've found various kinds of Almond,
(This for Rhyme) I now the London Agent greet John Salmond.
Pilkington ! A welcome name, primest of acquainters,
Here I have your General Dictionary of Painters.
Congenial themes for aye doth the ard'rous Muse amass,
We know how Dr. Johnson philosophises on Glass.
Like to the enlightening scroll of Moslem Il Ariff,
Proved Pilkington Brothers' Exportation Book Tariff.
Their Sheet, Crown, Patent Plate, Great Britain's self may not surpass,
Nor even equal these, nor their Patent rolled Rough Plate Glass.
Immense quantities they manufacture, and for all climes,
And they are able to execute orders at all times.
In the light of science so gloriously have they moved,
That beyond all the world beside, Glass greatly they've improved.
Not like others that I might name, (removed far from the Sea,)
Are the unrivalled Works of our world-famous Company.
Hence, conveniently can they store Glass on board of ship,
Safe through their means the boisterous seas but aid the rapid trip.
Superior to the Belgian, this in far lands I heard ;
Hence, their glass is in all the markets of the world preferred.
Their Crown Window Glass, as erst, its character maintains,
Some like its Plate Glass surface, but we choose it in Small Panes.
Pilkington Brothers Patent Plate Glass Tariff, No. 3,
In other lands and languages shall be described by me.
O'er all our Colonial,—late did pass a mighty mass
That so suitable to our clime Patent Rolled Rough Glass ;
When lately from the conflict of incidents I got awa',
I took a ship load for th' Winter Garden at Ottawa.
Their Patent Diamond and Quarry Glass all other overrules,
In its applications, for 'ts pleasing effect in churches and schools.
I thought I dwelt in lovely light and planets far away,
Sometimes a blue, sometimes a green, sometimes a ruby day.

And we who now our open arms to England are extending,
Take large quantities of that called in Trade Technics Bending,
The Three Minervas passed through Heaven thunder riven,
Inhabiting Photographic Glass, Tariff No. 7.
Nor yet Pilkingtons' Ornamental Glass the Muse forgets—
Hail, Embossed Repeated Patterns, Borders, and Rosettes.
Embossed and Painted Staircase Windows, Fame to them assigns
The highest place in the world, too, Doors and Skylights; Designs
Are by our family firm submitted on application,
Samples, Books of Patterns, for Varied Decoration.
And now it is at length that the unwearied Minstrel comes
To his Heroes' Coloured Glass and Spherical Glass Domes,
Their Miscellaneous Articles are in all our Homes.
Shades, an hundred thousand welcomes soon in a Crystal Robe,
One shall surround like Plato's Sphere my Tellurion Globe.

THE STAINED GLASS POEM.

In Ballads and Romances long ages famed that Master-
Piece of ancient Painted Glass, the "Luck of Muncaster."
I pass the Glass for Windows of Adria's happy time
And the magnificent creations of Munich the Sublime
That Miracle for me on which our great firm hath striven,
Still more etherialized what Vasari hath given,
"'Tis something to console Mankind rained down from Heaven."
On the Confessor's Tomb, Westminster, and in thy sacred aisles,
Canterbury, I met with the oldest Stained Glass in these Isles.
Milton of the matchless flight, "Storied Windows richly dight,"
Eve of St. Agnes, Stained Glass feats are sung by gentle Keats.
There is throughout the mind's domain no Decorative Art,
That like Stained Glass to Building can a splendouring impart.
Theirs are the pure specimens, that do by far surpass,
Many things that yet we know of British Painted Glass,
In Technical handling perfect, in harmony they vie,
With th' finest specimens of eld that greatest masters supply.
Let living generations list to what the Minstrel says,
Their works will be of special interest through following days;
The presence of a heaven on earth, even now your Poet feels,
Still the most studied attention minute beauties reveals.
While o'er the blended whole there floats a vital breathing air,
Over choatic wastes anon a new creation looms.

* * * * * *

THREE STATUES FOR TORONTO.—[From the last Londoniad.] I have £1,500, the proceeds of a literary work, which I intend to devote towards the erection of Statues, in Toronto, to three literary men, to represent England, Ireland, and Scotland. I should like Milton for England, and Dean Swift for Ireland; Milton being my favourite English writer, and Dean Swift "the true friend of Ireland." However, I will leave this to the community to decide, more especially as to the great Scot.

ADAMS'S PATENT SMALL ARMS COMPANY
(LIMITED),

391, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. JOHN ADAMS, Managing Director. Contractors to H.M. War Department. Adopted by H.M. War Department, also by the Home Government for the Metropolitan Police Forces; by the Corporation of the City of London for the City Police Forces and City Prisons, &c., &c., &c. Warranted to be of the Finest London Manufacture. ADAMS'S PATENT DOUBLE-ACTION CENTRAL-FIRE, BREECH-LOADING REVOLVER, *450 INCH BORE.

The only name that I recal in all this ancient Land
Is Adams, known throughout th' world, 391, in the Strand.
I, with Adams's Improved Revolver now set sail
Here the world-famous can be had at wholesale or retail.
These are the Revolvers have proved our age's dower,
And by our Company Manufactured by Steam Power.
I note the materials used are ever of the Best,
The very first and foremost of our day here they stand confest,
Such, as English Manufactures, I take to th' British West;
Their manufacture is superintended, trumpet it o'er the Sea,
Personally by the Great Inventor and Patentee.
Here all attributes of Fire-Arms in one kind are blended,
Of the highest kind known, and confidently recommended.
A Genius sprung from Heaven th' Inventor inherits,
Here witness the Report on the Comparative Merits
Of the Revolver by the Small Arms Committee of the Queen,
With th' Imperial War Department Adams's alone are seen.

* * * * * * *

Destined soon to supply our Colonial Government,
Entirely, thirteen cases I lately did deliver
For use along our frontiers and exploits at Red River.
Of the additional improvements I long and well inquired,
And found the perfect Weapon for all purposes desired.
British descendants throughout our uprising Western Lands.
Sending to our Company, at any time, their commands
Will have—and this peculiarly to them I mention—
From our Company the most careful and prompt attention.
The Revolver I've found of lax morals a corrector,—
Our Dominion hails John Adams, Managing Director.
When "Rebellion," like a hell-storm, through Canada did rage,
The Author of the Londoniad was but ten years of age;
Yet, turning to Beaubien's Hist., page 275,
You'll find a host of condemned Yankees which I saved alive,
Colonel Prince, that prince of Englishmen, with pistols in hand,
Was dealing death around on the chained Yankee band.

He was our Leader, the Prime Champion of the British cause,
The invading Yankee, then as now, regardless of laws,
Had burn'd his houses and his barns, and spread their wild alarms
Through all his villages, no Home was left upon his fifty farms,
In his delirium of rage I clung unto his arms.
No one doubted that the Col' generous was as brave,
With tears and screams I beseech'd him the prisoners to save;
Involuntary action caused him to smite me on the face—
In attestation, here the mark unto this day we trace;
When he saw what he had done, that Saviour of the West,
Agonised, laid his pistols by, and clasp'd me to his breast;
But now my tears no longer flowed, and I had ceased to scream,
A deathlike faintness came o'er me, and blood did wildly stream.
The Yankee band were ordered off, and it may now be stated
That they in a few after hours the Colonel liberated.
And if I saved the Yankee then through untold toil and pain,
Oh, blame me not, for I was young; I ne'er would do't again.
Hes and shes, and Them and They, Yankee and Yankee Madams,
I'd blow you all with Gunpowder, through the might of Adams.
Yes! we very well remember, at that most famous trial,
Before the most renownêd men of this our time and Isle,
Whom the most impartial judgment and genius, too, anoints,
List Ages! Adams's Pistols then were tested at four Points—
Namely, for *Rapidity*, for *Accuracy* (we find
This the fact)—for ACCURACY and RAPIDITY COMBINED—
And beside all these, were proved matchless for Penetration,
These hold in the world and their own era the highest station,
And I take them now to Canada for Presentation.

PURVEYOR TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, THE QUEEN OF HANOVER, AND ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

M. RICHARDS,

Manufacturer of Ladies Fancy Lined Work Baskets, Toilet Cushions and Fancy Goods in every variety. Wicker Work Baskets Covered with Velvet, Lined with all kinds of Silks, Satins, and Leather. 34, HATTON GARDEN, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

I'd like to write a Basket lay as memento mori,
So Mary Richards choose I as modern Cistophori.
The Basket I see sculptured in many a Panthea,
'Tis the peculiar attribute of St. Dorothea.
This is th' loveliest legend that we have of all the Saints,
I Mnemosyne hail, Memory's Muse thus the Bard acquaints;

O claimed by the Most Sacred Lady as her attribute,
Whom the Ruffian Diocletian to death did persecute,
One doubting knave a present from her soul-realm did ask it,
She brought him Fruits and Flowers from Heaven in a Basket.
There are many in the Basket line that live in London, West,
But they're not much more than sellers—and we may guess the rest.
Th' Metropolis like 2nd Whittington I ran over,
Yet found none like th' Purveyor to the Queen of Hanover.
What gladdens Nature like sunlit skies and scented gales,
Th' presence of our Lady Friend who supplies th' Princess of Wales;
And not only the Crown'd Heads of all the world's rival States,
But what's still better, the Families of our Delegates.
The enlightened minds of Europe acknowledge Mary's taste
Her Baskets are all rare Works of Art, and matchlessly chaste.
Not only doth Design in spirituality charm,
But her noble heart towards all that's good is ever warm.
On Bazaars and Institutions thro'out each British land,
Presents for Benevolent objects Her anointed ☞
Bestows, that which hath borne her to unexampled renown,
Are as wrought to form, Ideas peculiarly her own.
From Atlantic's morning shores to the evening slopes of Marden,
For Baskets now we hie to 34, Hatton Garden.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1870.

I remember very well what have mental giants said,
That in the Spring-tide of Time's first year all the world was made;
(I suppose they meant to say, then were its foundations laid).
Lo! Dan. Chaucer, "When that the month in which the world began
(The Nun's Priest's Tale), That highte March, when God first makèd man."
March! your natal month, sacred was in classic times to Mars,
You with tongue, and I with pen, we'll rout them in the wars!
Carew (in prose) speaks of Spring, and others th' Muses lemans,
Io! Spenser, Shakespeare, Thomson, Pope, Goldsmith, Shelley, Hemans,
The Star of Destiny brightens o'er Heaven's triumphal Arch,
Precursor of a happy year, eventful 6th of March.
Learned men do tell us that this is the first day of Spring,—
In Spring it was, we know, our fav'rite Milton best could sing.
Ah, very many lonely Birthdays by us both were spent,
You in England, Mother, I on the Western Continent.
In all the dreary twenty years through which did Exile go,
No reciprocal arm was there to help in weal or woe.

Both of us strength and spirit have, to dare the storms of strife
Whatever I may be, you are but in the prime of life.
Yet to cheer the evening of your day shall be my primest aim,
For you I'll gather ev'ry wreath on all the fields of fame.
Studying Language in my sleep, *three words* to me were given,
The loveliest (by angel hands), MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN.
Oh, there awaits thee, MOTHER, wilt thou come along with me,
An Island Paradise in Ontario's upland sea.
Niagara rolls in myriad hues as garlanded in Flowers,
Like lambent fires in Fairy Land ascend Toronto's towers.
The sights and sounds of Canada o'er all the infantile clime
Shall vision forth the Eden of a legendary time.
But wherever thou deign'st, MOTHER, to take up thy abode,
There's my centre of th' Universe, and there my other God!
If you desire, no more will I ride ventur'ous o'er the foam,
Mutually we'll cheer each other in our English home.
And when we take our walks abroad, at sunset or at morn,
We'll note where greatness flourishèd, where such an one was born.
Ev'ry step we take in England, wherever we may stray,
Will recal deeds of splendour in each retrospective day.
Around the fire at eventide the mental shall engage,
And we'll converse with mightiest minds, the lights of ev'ry age.
Literature and Works of Art shall beautify our Home,
We'll welcome ev'ry trusty friend, whenever such shall come;
No cold formality restrain, be all as free as air,
All that within our circle come shall equal bounties share;
Cæsar and Sappho, Might and Truth, shall call up Rome and Greece,
And in their graceful forms pourtray unfettered joy and peace.
Mother! like Mercy's Angel, still advance with open hand,
I, buckling on my armour, will lead the ardo'rous band,
That aims to bring the English People back their rightful *land*.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE AND PRAISE, INSCRIBED TO SIR ROUNDELL PALMER.

"The debt immense of endless gratitude."—*Milton.*

Under whatever name or form Thou hast, or mayest have been worshipped in these or in other ages and nations, I still know that Thou art the Ever-Living. Thou wast before there were any to Praise Thee, and Thou wilt exist when there shall be no longer any to Praise Thee.

Starless the sky! and pilotless my canoe was driven,
Before the wildest tempest that ever came from heaven;
And every wave sang funeral dirge, and I beneath the foam
Forgot the furies yelling round, and felt myself at home.
Worse than arid Araby when deserts take wings and fly,
High-moving hills of ice and snow darkened the dreadful sky.

Safely thou bearest me through each uncultured maze,
Unscathed, I passed the horizon like furnace all a blaze.
Lost 'midst deep woods and wildering floods, yet never felt I grief,
Enchanting winds rapt th' waves and made a harp of ev'ry leaf;
And the spraying waters went hymning through a roseat clime,
Embleming the blossoms of Eden in a happier time.
When to thy wonder-works did youthful senses wake,
With an excess of joy and love my heart was like to break.
But more subdued in after years, though equally as strong,
In mine own native clime, and tears I pour the grateful song.
I've nestled in the serpent's den, and in the leopard's lair,
Yet unassailed, I remained for thou, O God, wast there.
When the plague fiend swept the nations off to the silent land,
Through thee I bore the balm of love in my unpalsied hand.
When the foeman rose against me they were put to shame,
Strengthened by Thee, I turned upon them—they're left without a name.
Through the long, long years of exile I 'neath thy smiles did bask,
So well thou didst befriend me, I had nothing more to ask.
Only now, as then, Creator! that, through following days,
Thou wouldst inspire me still to sing in various tongues Thy praise.
O language! whither art thou fled? what is't intensely thrills?
Ascend, ye Song of Praise, to Him whose form Creation fills.
And in the Battle March of Life if it please Thee to inspire,
In ceaseless song I offer up my soul a spirit lyre.
I claim no honour for myself, nothing here is mine,
To Thee alone the Praise belongs, and all, my God, is Thine.

ANTI-EMIGRATION AND LAND RECLAMATION POEM.

——Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them.—Dr. Mark Akenside.

Un enfant en ouvrant ses yeux, doit voir sa patrie, et jusqu'à la mort, ne voir qu'elle.—J. J. Rousseau.

Tears and Petitions! did they ever serve
Your cause, O England! how long will you swerve
My country, from the path of rectitude,
Rise at once with Heroism embued—
Stay! Why in thousands leave your native home
To sojourn in pilgrimage o'er the foam?
Begin new life, and midst new scenes employ
Your elder years, when you should rest in joy;
Or waste your hours of sprightly youth away
In Auster-clime or realm of setting day?
A wider field for action here you have
Than aught itself presenting o'er the wave.

There you may toil and live your lives unknown,
And if success should all your efforts crown,
You've but a narrow stage and brief renown.
But soaring unto fame from English clime,
You rear the beacon blaze to distant time.
On Britain's throne Albertina hath not
A better right to rule than you have got.
If you were energetic, bold, and wise,
One soul pervading, you'd the wiles despise
Of little souls, and into Empire rise.
Say, what could your united strength withstand,
Rightful Inheritors of this our Land?
England hath plenty, why need I descant—
Greece! Goshen!—did e'er Jew or Helot want,
And must we fall 'fore famine's mildew breath,
And in our native land be starved to death?
We're all God's creatures, on prolific Earth
'Tis man's own fault if he experience dearth.
Come, live at Home, and join in heart and hand,
Phalanx invincible, One Sacred Band!
March to the RECLAMATION of the LAND.
Men, and Women of England, ye who were born
In the dawning of a New Era, scorn
Submission any longer to the few,
Chicanery and fraud your fathers overthrew,
Advance, adherents of the Just and True.
Woe the time when foemen' banner flouted,
Though for the nonce our native hosts were routed;
Our Rights (what if they were?) were never doubted.
Dagger girded Buccaneers and Battie—
Axe Brigands, who stole our crops and cattle;
And in on every side our country hemm'd,
Are now the Coronetted and Diadem'd.
Away with sighs, away with fond regret,
Crowns and Sceptres are in prospective yet.
Never more shall the tyrant's pavilions
Spread o'er England, red with the blood of millions.
Hark! the shrieks of a down-trampled nation,
Babes of an earlier generation;
Our loved progenitors, matron, and sire:
By the Invader trampled in the mire.
(O Heavens, you say, were I but living then!
But list, another epoch meets our ken!)
There lay our ancestors, the dead and dying;
Hunted by fiends, friendless, homeless, flying
Over their native England with no arm
To shield them in those years of wild alarm,
And who are the Usurpers? O, ye Isles,
We, at least, are the Children of the Exiles.

Memories o' evil ages long gone by
May have slumber'd, but they can never die.
Millions of Hearts in England beat for aye,
Expectant of that all-redeeming day,
In which shall a monstrous brood be swept away—
Oh, when will ye cease to be dependants;
Answer, when we've ousted their descendants.
I hear a voice asking when shall this be?
Soon! we'll drive them into the remorseless sea.
The Time hath come for the RECLAMATION
Of those LANDS stolen from the English Nation.
The PEOPLE are the NATION; Lords and Kings,
These to those are but ephemeral things;
And thus the Nation shall again regain
Every stately Hall and wide Domain.
Once to benevolence and holy rites
Sacred, by free ooters to parasites
Given, or claimed for themselves through ages
Dark, this our attenion rapt engages,
History's stirring scenes inspire us now,
England shall soon like a volcano glow.
Trace through history we shall ever find
Him equally the foe of human kind,
Whither 'gainst from without his sword he draw
Or in their midst the people over awe.
In either case we only bide our time
To slay the tyrant and avenge the crime.
Can mental might or moral worth avail,
Where infamy and robber hordes assail,
Denounce your cause and your complaints deride,
Their object Pillage and Murder their guide.
Truth fled from England then, and all of Right
Lay prostrate 'fore a sanguinary Might,
That made our island one funereal pyre;
What in the immediate future shall inspire?
REVENGE! "Arise ye Goths and glut your ire."
If Mercy rising would your souls embue,
Remember they no mercy showed to you.
If they the tax did on our fathers lay,
The same, with interest, back their sons shall pay.
The poisonous spawn of that detested brood
Be-slimes the whole of England, land and flood.
O'er once blooming lands thus from them riven
The valiant Founders of our Race were driven.
Black and tempestuous was that woeful night
When our loved kindred took their lonely flight
Except the forked and sheeted lightning' light,
The only guide for matron, babe, and sire,
The flash of villain swords, and homes on fire.

ALDERMAN ASTON,
THOMAS ASTON AND SONS,

Manufacturing Jewellers and Silversmiths in all branches, and Dealers in Precious Stones, 12, Regent Place, Caroline Street, Birmingham. Mourning Broaches and Rings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gem Rings, Snuff and Scent Boxes, Card Cases, &c., Communion Services.

My Dear ALDERMAN ASTON,—In addition to Twenty-one Pounds, for which I sent you my mother's cheque, I will, with very much pleasure, at any moment, transmit you the remaining forty guineas of my subscription towards the Mayor Yates Memorial. I have only seen Archdeacon Sandford once since I published the last Londoniad, and that was while he was acting as Chairman at the late Alliance Meeting in St. James's Hall, consequently I have not been able to verbally illustrate the object held in view, but ere another season shall have elapsed, I being then fully established in England, hope to use means whereby the only two testimonials with which I desire my name to be associated in my native land, may become presented in the spirit of truthfulness. In the meantime, to quote from my former letter addressed to you in 1st 16th Londoniad, I send my kind regards to all the members of your excellent family.

Yours, faithfully,
JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

London (Eng.), September, 1870.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Bellum nec timendum, nec provocandum.
—PLIN.

Now by Him who keeps my Soul, those Wicked with Satire ply;
Satires wound more deeply than when Diviners' arrows fly.
Mohammed the Prophet to Malec Ebu Caab, the poet, from the Arabic, translated and paraphrased by the Author of the Londoniad.

——————————Mount the Car
Out with the Gonfanon !! sound the tocsin of War !!!
Since I find I must fight the fierce Battle of Life;
Hurrah for the conflict, the arena of strife,
What though I value calmness, and peace, and repose,
I must ever be on the *qui vive* with my foes,
I feel myself able to redouble their blows;
The time hath long passed for those dastardly feats
Performed by such as slew the gentle John Keats.

* * * * * * * * *

THUNDER MADE VISIBLE!!!

I have a satire upon the "Saturday Review," in which I introduce the names of all the Cyprians and Roues connected therewith. Please, see the Supplement.

I have a satire on the London "Times" and characters connected therewith, now nearly ready for the press.

And an hundred beside shall have cause to repent,
As descends thro' long ages, the New Supplement,
Thro' life I will never be the first to offend;
Others may *begin*, but *I* the conflict will end;
I am in for Life's Battle, and when I give o'er
'Twill be when I'm drown'd in mine enemies' gore.
"*Audaces fortuna juvat timidosque repellit.*"

This Poem is in type, and contains over 300 names, but I find it impossible to cause it to be printed in this, the 3rd 16th Londoniad.

My address to the Mayor and Corporation of Boston, Massachusetts, appears in the last Londoniad. I shall have more to say to them in the next.

Wherever and whenever is met a Yankee, especially of Boston, Massachusetts, the world always will, as it does now, exclaim Paedicator: hic squalidus est.

*I am preparing a SATIRE on the YANKEES, to be called the NEW BOSTONIAD, in which more than 500 names will be introduced.

CONGRESSMAN CHANDLER.

I know you of old. I do not now think that your philtres will work with any great degree of effect upon the body politic of Britain, however much they might tend to accelerate the hour of climactrical dool to the infamous town you inhabit. (Boston).

Your Boston we compare to the cities of the plain.

E pero al minor giron suggella
Del segno suo e Sodoma e caorsa.

INFERNO. xi.

I do not wonder at your venomous speech against our country when I consider the consanguinity existing between you and that hoary monster Chandler, the Worcester (Mass.) poisoner, familiarly known as "the Dockter?"

——horrid *thing* besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.

EX-GOVERNOR GARDINER,
Massachussetts.

I made an allusion to you in a former Londoniad, and took, I believe, for motto—

"All are not evil."

This hath been fully exemplified in your own career; but I shall take you for witness in the day that I arraign Boston—that city of Sodom—before the world as a nest of infamous miscreants; and I here brand its inhabitants individually and collectively, as falsifiers and cowards, and when the tocsin of war shall sound, you will have no quarter, and what befel a part of Washington, and what Baltimore narrowly escaped in 1812-15, is your doom.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

The Cockney clown, *alias* Bouverie Street buffon, Punch, is displeased at the sixth-class Medal awarded to its publishers: they shall have line tanned from the skin of their Fleet Street Jackall immediately.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,
Sole Author of all the Londoniad.

RICHARD COBDEN AND JOHN DELANE.
IMPROMPTU.

In Richard Cobden existing nations see
The prototype of benevolent Deity;
John Delane—if for his likeness we would seek,
We must strive to find it in an area sneak.

Query?—Who was it that got up the New Dominion Seal? I am certain that the elder Wyon—and Art recognises none other of that name—would never have disgraced himself by carrying out the design of a mere stonemason. What female figure is that thereon depicted? it reminds me of

"a squab figure on a Chinese fan"

If she were to rise and walk, we should certainly realise Mother Pratt, a sort of feminine Jack Falstaff, without his wit. This comes of not invoking the aid of JOSEPH MOORE, the only great living medallist of England.

It will be remembered in the *ambitus* of Candidature, and at the Great Conservative Meeting held in the large room at the Cannon-street Station, (Sir W. Carden in the chair), that Mr. Bell, afterwards elected Conservative Member for London, paid a sterling tribute to Canada, which the New Dominion will not forget, and at the same time congratulated the audience on the presence in their midst of the author of the Londoniad, and said an example had been set to the Mayor of that day, who ought to have been present.

CANADA TO FRANCE.

The tide of Victory is setting in
For France! Hark, the Voice of Destiny, France must win.

I have elsewhere given the reasons why Ireland should side with France; and I now ask the question, Did you ever know a period in which Germanism and Despotism did not go together? A word to my friends of Scottish origin. Your ancestors were on more friendly terms with the French than many Teutons are now willing to admit. The light of memory, thro' the darkness of time, flashes now on my memory, like lightning searing the black thunder-cloud. Who were the *Scots* GUARDS, that band of heroes who formed the first company of the ancient *Gardes* du Corps of France, greatly trusted thro' long ages, and had the honour of bearing in their arms the coronne coleur of that country? Refer me, if you please, to Claud Seysil's history and every historian treating of peculiar epochs in that land of chivalry, "and for so long a time as they served in France, never hath there been one of them found that hath committed or done any fault against the kings or their state; and they make use of them as their own people." Would the immortal heroes of unconquered Scotland ever receive such a tribute, however well deserved, from the phlegmatic German? I know you well—I have shared the scon with you in the backwoods of Canada; for me the ambrie was never empty; we have gone together down the stream of your history, more picturesque than that of any other country; and I have so assimilated my ideas with those of your literature, that it would and will be impossible for me, either now or hereafter, to write or to speak without showing my indebtedness to the most intelligent race of people in Upper Canada or on the Continent of America. Did ever the French go thro' the glens and straths of Scotland, cutting off private families and single individuals, in cold blood? Did the French ever destroy the flower of your country? no, it was the mildew breath of Germanism that did this last; and was it not the antitype of the Rever who is now going with reif over the plains of Europe, that did the first? Who is there, here to day, whose spirit flames not at the recital of executions and confiscations of the best-beloved of Scotland's children, and who sees not an incarnation of German brutality as

"Bloody Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain."

A spirit of meanness influenced (I will not say inspired) the Germans then, unknown to the Attilas and Timurs of antiquity. We leave them on pinions in their flight to empire, and the annals of their time, but here behold a finn'd vampyre, an incarnation of German brutality, taking the form of man and "Royalty," bearing the names of Guelph (Gulph, indeed, they've swallowed enough!) intruding into ladies' apartments, depriving them of their trinkets, and their cherished specimens of old china.

The address to England is in type, but is crowded out. It will appear in the Supplement.

The SONG OF VICTORY for France will appear in the next Londoniad.

THE POLITICAL UPHEAVAL OF EUROPE.

Caius Cornelius, Tacitus says,
That easier by far it is to praise
A Republic than a Republic raise.
And when you this form o' Government secure,
It cannot for long period endure.*

* The Historian's words are these, which, notwithstanding I quote from memory, will be found perfect: Reipublicæ forma, laudare facilius quam evenire, et si evenit, haud diuturna esse potest.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD.

It having come to my knowledge that a Most Honourable and Substantia Gentleman from Ontario, Canada, hath been villified by some one or more o those assassins called "Trade Protection Societies," I will give the above on full development of its rise and flow.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

P.S.—I lately spoke to a Member of the London Corporation and a late Lord Mayor (if there is any special honour attached thereto) about the above affair. He said that very substantial people never had anything to do with such societies, but that they were of service to those who, upon the eve of bankruptcy, desired to give a reference, and could get none anywhere else—this they could do for one pound one per annum.

British Museum, November 4th, 1869.

Sir,—I am directed by the Trustees of the British Museum to inform you that they have received the Present mentioned on the other side, which you have been pleased to make to them, and I have to return you their best thanks for the same.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

J. T. S. Lidstone, Esq.

"Extracts from the Supplement to the 16th Londoniad."—S. Sh. (CANADA, 1 fol.)

This relates to one Atkins, ye spiritless groveller,
Who to *non-est* Winfields, was erst a coal shoveller.

I have lately had this Satire reprinted, and have caused a copy to be sent to every known public Library in Europe, and have received acknowledgements from all. The above, which I consider the more important one, I choose to publish in the Londoniad.

NOTE: the Author of the Londoniad on FACTORY LAWS.—There is a great deal of talk going on about Factory Inspection; why not inspect the rural districts?—In the summer of 1865 I met with a fine youth on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Woburn —I know not whether he was in William Russell's employ or not—named Samuel Chorley. He was too bright a specimen of humanity to be lost amongst clodhoppers and clowns, and when, about three or four years after, I inquired for him, it being then in my power to serve him, I heard that he was dead. What did he die of? I asked (bear with me, if you please, generous reader): "He was growing, and worked very hard, he had very little to eat—he soon pined away." I became horror-stricken at the recital; the remembrance thereof so entirely affects me, even at this moment, that I can neither move my hand nor see to write any more.

Quebec, July 17th, 1865.

Dear Sir,—Your letter addressed to me at the Westminster Palace Hotel, arrived there after my departure for Canada.

I am much obliged to you for bringing my name forward as Member for Finsbury, but my lot is cast in Canada, and I can give no divided allegiance, therefore I must decline having my name proposed as a Candidate for any constituency out of Canada. With many thanks,

J. T. S. LIDSTONE, ESQ. I am yours faithfully,

JOHN A. MACDONALD,

The only reason of reprinting this letter is that I have eleven letters (not from Sir John A. Macdonald) relating thereto.

IMPROMPTU: SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 3RD SEPTEMBER 1870.

Tis not a passing thunder cloud can darken France's Star,
Which yet shall shine as erst it shone o'er climes and ages far,
Aux armes, formez vos bataillons. Nec pluribus impar.

TO THE EMPRESS

Thro' the Arabic, partly suggested, adapted, translated and paraphrased, by from, or out of Al Koran by the Author of the Londoniad.

By the Sun in his early rising, and by the shadow of the Night,
The Lord hath not forgotten thee, Woman, in this the hour of evil plight.

TO THE EMPEROR

He will renew thy strength, O Man, thou shalt triumph in the future fight,
The enemy, worn and sore, in that day thou shalt put to utter flight.
Look! there the dread Angel (of vengeance) waits to fan them to their doom,
Then Iblis shall enwrap their memories with perpetual gloom.

GEORGE JOHN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, DUKE OF ARGYLL.

No rearer of prop for Temple, Hall, or Portico, circular, square, polygonal, or other; monumental column Antonine or Trajanus' ever merited a greater degree of gratitude than your forebears, for establishing Posts over the heathery wilds and greenswards of unconquered Scotland; which inspired the sons of the chiefs of old in ejaculating "God bless the Duke of Argyll!" Trusting that the following literary bijou may not receive at the hands of posterity the treatment that Robert Burns received from the tavern keeper, in the time of your ancestor, I proceed to tell you the reason why I inscribe the following to the Author of the Reign of Law. We all know the consternation of the Highlands, when in the latter half of the last century, out of every mouth came the words "The Law is coming." I wrote the following *brochure* with the intention of incorporating it in a poem for some one or other who might happen to be in the line of Manufacturing Scotch Goods, but I could not find any in London. They all appeared to me to be only a pack of counter-jumpers, and therefore not practically connected with the Arts. It has been suggested by a lady friend that the posts above mentioned were placed in position whereon cattle might rub themselves. This was always my idea, and bespeaks a spirit of benevolence unknown to mere money-grubs of the Peabody genus.

I advanced—the Tartan' from their archives came,
The spirit of the Minstrel leaped to flame
As before me stood the forms in new-created birth,
Of those who were so many walking Gods upon the earth;
The forest floods of Canada, roar'd 'round one in that hour,
And I felt the influence of a never-dying power.
There appeared before me then an Ossianic band,
In Scotland born that proud unconquered land:
Where cairns are eloquent and burns go rippling down in song,
And souls of Matchless Heroes on the misty mountains throng.
The language that the Gael in ancient ages used
Is the oldest of the world, and most widely diffused.
Their manners and the customs of centuries long ago
Are imitated now by the greatest men we know;
Their energy of mind and body history records,
And in their social qualities, th're Nature's proudest lords.
Wherever 'gainst their right was hurl'd the tyrant' foeman's barb
It vanished, as enchantment wrought was by the Highland garb;
The best dress suited to their state of any on the globe,
To don the Caledonian, we doff even th' Classic robe.
Like an advancing Spring, my Highlander in peace glads the nation far,
But like an embodied tempest, he wings his way to war.
Oh, I remember well the stirring times of yore,
When the breacan an fheil, and Leinn-croich I wore,
And smote the Yank (a damnèd race) with the Claidheamhmòr,
When they come over the river again on Finiiraid,
Our Cataran will receive them dressed in the Arasaid
Now, then, for my heroes of the Breacan and Plaid.

*** I have a long poem on the Dress, Tartans, Arms, Armorial Insignia, and social occupations, of the Clans of the Scottish Highlands.

TORONTO.

Thalatta! Oceanus, O, Ponto,
Absolve distance, I am in Toronto.
Now Cooking Stoves and Holloware the song
Adorn, thro' the might of J. R. Armstrong,
Boots and Shoes Geo. Martin such have beguil'd
The muse, where are our old friends Brown and Child?
No gandy scenes our apartments flaunt on,
We've paper-hangings thro' M. Staunton;
Ladies' Saddle, William Stewart the prize gets
Ever I met him in Massachusetts;
Nor yet E. Bach so famed the Bard forgets,
Linseed Oil Cake, and colours, yea, it is *this*
Firm that exports t' England's metropolis.
George Pears, Chicory, and Spices prepared;
To James Fleming's Seeds few may be compared.
Petroleum, still Shunk and Carsons
Rejecting, we greet thine Mr. Parsons.
Theodolite, compass, camera, and
Opthalmoscope combined: O mighty land
Of the setting sun, the muse hath got her
Theme and glory thro' the genius of C. Potter.
Much business in Hardware might be done,
Workmen, Ryan, Shaw, Rice Lewis and Son.
Birds to air nor animals to grass more
Go, when once in th' hands of Mr. Passmore,
Hail Master Edwards, and Professor Hincks,
These are th' prime O' Science' pylitic links.
Ichthyology, Specimens the Bard takes
From Canada's rivers and ocean lakes.
Ornithology all Mammalia;
Floral Forget-me-Not to Dahlia,
All of vegetables, of corn, nnd fruits—
Ceres, Flora and Vertumnus salutes.
Science explores your shores Time's, ancient floods,
Geology! ☞ 1,000 kinds of woods.
The Fine Arts! rear we a triumphal arch
Where's Paul the Artist, where is Peter March.
Here not behold a *partial* selection
An interesting, complete collection,
Illustrative of exalted sciences
Their apparatus' and appliances,
From the Educational Department
Of Upper Canada, all these are sent.
And here a glorious specimen of Inlay
From those noble gentlemen Jacques and Hay.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

Their Armies to the Vulture and their Cities to the Flames—
Be this the answer given to heir Alabama claims.

P*F*R*R*U*A*S*N*S*C*I*E*A:
NEUTRALITY À LA MODE.

France ! even should you ne'er advance to strike a single blow,
A Fabian policy alone would lay the foeman low.
Thus far ; when Her old Demigods arose and thunderèd
Over the buried ages, it is fourteen hundrèd
And 50 years to-day since Pharamond cross'd the Rhine,
And do we wake in storms to see the Flower of France decline ?
If so, replied the Bard, 'tis because of your peculiar wine.
Let this be said by those who would "condemn with civil leer,"
But I will match French temp'rance Wines against Deutsche lager
Beer.
Go bury the altes Schwein and eke his bearded Fritz,
Where rose the Star of Marengo and Sun of Austerlitz.
Midst Jena's cometary glare (revived) th' voice of Merlin,
Hark ! *Another* Napoleon enters into Berlin.
France ! yours is not the race to sink into lethargic slumbers,
Because your outposts may have been opposed by mere numbers.
Those who, like me, know your stirring history very well,
To every doubting Thomas could other story tell.
I ween for Europe it would be a very doleful day
If German despotism here should ever bear the sway.
The French are not mercenaries—ne'er hire themselves for pay.
Each hireling of the German horde for ever shut your mouth,
Who was it help'd the damned Yankee against the gallant South ?
Who was it reduced British wages to the merest dole ?
What of th' Hanoverian, Dane, Swede, and eke the Pole ?
Should th' star of victory e'er o'er German banners glow,
England would be still more horribly Germanised than now.
10,000 to one on France ! as many more as you like,
When she shall in full force advance the final blow to strike,
France b'fore your vitality must phlegmatic foemen yield,
They are not the warriors to remain long in the field,
All nations look to you, la Belle France, on progression's track,
Say, shall Prussia roll the tide of civilisation back ?
King William as the modern "Moloch, horrid king (appears,)
Besmeared with blood of human sacrifice and parents' tears."
(The satire is in the Supplement.)
O, would I not like to sing a Te Deum
Over him who hath no notion of *Meum*
Et tuum ! yea, I should like to blot from the nations
The country of One who would thus filch from relations ;
Ay ! Monstrum horrendum, blot him out from the nations.
Benign Wisdom and Mercy, come rally your forces
'Gainst the mad rogue who robbed a Blind King of his Horses.

(There are six thousand lines in this poem, which I cannot now correct for the press)

I dictate the following on the Shores of the English Thames 1st Sept., 1870:—

Englishmen! let us remember that France has been a faithful ally to England, and who is there here to-day that would desire the cognomen, "Perfidious Albion," to be attached to his country? I for one do not. Would you exchange France, the Heart and Eye of Europe, on its Continent, for a Prussic incubi? If so, then you welcome Despotism—a Despotism that will force three of the best years from every life to the maintenance of the House of Hohenzollern, and hold your children in its vulture claws from the first moment of their Birth to the last hour of their existence. What but a horrible, insulting Germanism hath attached itself to your name, and branded you as "English *Subjects!*" Who subjected us? Whose Subjugates are we? If Germanism is to rule, you will not only be subjects, but what in pure English is the equivalent for that word, you will be serfs, forced to do the bidding of any diadem'd Brigand. Let not the word Subjects be used in any public document in England hereafter for ever. Should such long-continuing outrage, however, be perpetrated upon our English people in my day, I for one will be the first to oppose it, and hand down the perpetrator or perpetrators with ridicule to posterity. Let the power of the Prussian be reduced to the original bounds of Sandy Brandenburg, and then—swept from the world.

CANADA hath better Agricultural Implements manufactured in its midst and by its own people than any that I could send from London. The English axes, as may be supposed, are looked upon as being very barbarous affairs, the only house in this line worthy of our people's notice, is that of William Wood, represented by Mr. Cranstoun; the poem appears in a former Londoniad.

CHARLES FRODSHAM,

Successor to ARNOLD, A.D. 1843, and to B. L. VULLIAMY (Pall Mall), 1854, Clock Maker to the Queen, 84, STRAND, Corner of Cecil Street, London. Marine and Pocket Chronometers; Plain and Repeating Watches; Church and Turret Clocks; Split-Second Watches; Astronomical Clocks.

His name full long familiar was to me,
I heard it oft in lands beyond the Western sea,
The passport ever there for all that's good,
On that vast Continent beyond the flood.
Return'd from thence, around I gazed awhile
On all the manufactories of our isle;
Nor long it took the adventurous Bard to choose
The primer Hero to adorn his Muse.
CHARLES FRODSHAM'S name is heard on ev'ry shore
Wher'er the sun shines out or billows roar.
For Genius alone the world did him advance,
In the flowery regions of Imperial France,
Before the assembled talent of all lands,
He received the MEDAL OF HONOUR from the Emperor's hands.
Ev'ry prize in competition's given
To our Juror 18-67.

But he before had won the laurel crown,
And soared the solar height of all renown;
That those who, dazzled by the sunbeams of his fame,
In night's despair would steal away his name.
Still o'er the rolling world he shines serene,
Prime manufacturer to "our Gracious Queen."
What France and England are among the nations
Is his Inventive Name with living generations.

* There is not a single Horologist in London, having any pretension to eminence who hath not presented his card to the Author for insertion in the Londoniad. Alderman Carter was the first, and Mr. Walker the last. It were, indeed, hard to choose, a Hero of Science from among so many that are equally good with each other. I therefore take the great successor to those illustrious men, the most eminent in their line that ever graced the world, while He himself stands out singly and alone, in our time, even as the Colossus of Rhodes did in a classic period.

CURTIS'S & HARVEY,

Gunpowder Manufacturers. Office, 74, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON. Manufactories at Hounslow, Middlesex; Tunbridge, Kent; Glyn Neath, Glamorganshire; and Clyde Mills, Argyleshire. Branch Offices and Depôts: 14, Marischall Street, Aberdeen; 14, Temple Street, Birmingham; 6, Charlotte Street, Queen Square, Bristol; 24, Usher's Quay, Dublin; 12, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow; 66, South John Street, Liverpool; 3, Prospect Place, Swansea.

Yea, "not to know would argue" "one self" the merest novice,
Th' Hounslow, Tunbridge, Glyn Neath, and Clyde Mills Gunpowder Office.
There's not a nation nor a tribe on earth that knows *them* not;
This said by our Minister of Arts, who himself was shot.
Hither the Representatives of all Governments resort,
For all their varied kinds of Gunpowder in Export;
And I had heard as Manufacturers they all outshine,
And that they were, too, the Immortal Princes of their line.
Let those who will drive th' Muse' chariot, Jehu, Jarvey,
Minerva, thund'ring through the world, proclaims Curtis's & Harvey.
I with others than those in the land of mystery track'd
AFRICAN, or in Quarter Barrels, or smaller Kegs pack'd.
All Yankee products now into Lethe ever casting,
We welcome our Firm's—in Whole Barrels, MINING or BLASTING.
The invading foe, though to every sense of conscience deaf;
Whole, Half, or Quarter Barrels F, Double—Treble F—
Dreads, Nations in uproar attest, and in their high behoof
Declare in many tongues their various TOWER PROOF.
All the New Dominion I'm after now escorting
Home, to the Imperial clime, for TREBLE STRONG SPORTING.

I'm in the realm of reflex ! Continents into Islands
Are breaking, and valleys are being tossed up into Highlands,
Disparting luminaries in a shower of Asteroids
Fill with embryo worlds all Nature's erst untravers'd voids.
All the Zodiac is resolvèd to scintillations;
Or tremble this terrene, and all the etherial nations
Or brighten in their march and fame ; Science is no trifle
Here ! Goddess of Wisdom *et* War, the DIAMOND-GRAIN Rifle ;
Or YELLOW BASKET—pack'd in 1 lb. Canisters Japann'd,
Bears the sway in CANADA and every other Land.
Muse ! what hath borne our House to an unexampled renown ?
☞ Many Important Inventions *peculiarly their own.*
We remember well the words of Cromwell in times gone by,
That woful night when Cora Linns roared through the blackened sky,
When scarcely able to breast the aerial torrents force,
Backwards and forwards through the ranks he gallopèd his horse,
By Dunbar's awful field : " Trust in God and keep your powder dry."
On the next morning Oliver was conqueror, of course.
It hath been said by one or two of Time's rapscallions,
That Jove is ever upon the side of strong batallions ;
But this would rank with what Italians call " falsett' "—
Witness the entire armies sunk (Milton) in Diamatt'.
Some say 'twas Friar Bacon who first made gunpowder,
But on fields more extended, and in exploits still louder
(For we pay deference to the account by Milton given)—
'Twas used by angel hosts in the famous war of Heaven.
The age of miracles, it is said, hath ceased—then, of course,
Much reliance will be required to be placed on force,
For no destroying angel may these later times behold,
As when " the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold ;"
But that (listen !) for which I would most gunpowder employ
Is to shake the Western Continent with a feu de joi,
After the Scomunicáto Yankee we utterly destroy,
O, I had heard, amidst thunders of the Ottawa,
Of Semienowitz, Count Rumford, Robins, Dr. Shaw ;
But whose fame is it entrances the globe, and doth cause to ring land
And ocean, our Great Firm, Curtis's & Harvey of England—?
From th' rise' 'to th' set' of day a concatenation of sound,
Like Zodiac's voice, doth th' visible diurnal surround.
CANADA'S Salvation ! Curtis's & Harvey's Gunpowder
Will transform the invading Yankee to pumkin chowder.
We all well know 'twas " villanous saltpetre " did ' stop
From being a hero, martial or other,' Shakespear's Fop ;
And I believe 'twas a species of Gunpowder did blow
That universal Orb, which alone did through Nature glow
Into Atomic Systems, millennial ages ago.

LONGMANS & CO.

PUBLISHERS, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

I, as upon some guiding star mine ardent eyne did fix,
In the world-famed House established 1726.
What flushes all the nations now as with a solar glow,
LONGMANS immortal name, and Paternoster Row.
By the forest' deep'ning shade, and by Niagara's roar,
I learn'd entirely by heart the Works of Thomas Moore.
What early charmed my spirit, what now the Muse engages,
The Laureate Wreath etern, and Southey's gorgeous pages.
IVRY and the ARMADA entranced me over the foam,
Inspiration as from classic times, Lays of Ancient Rome,
And that which for the Vandal years, and Art long lost atones,
The spirit of magnificence breathing through Owen Jones.
What like another Godhead doth 'new creation fill,
That peculiar form of mental might through John Stuart Mill.
Arts, Manufactures, &c., not the merely manipulative,
But where the splendours of the mind in brighter glory live.
I hail the *Song* that early rapt Creation into birth,
Works, popularised in every region of the earth,
Biography and Memoirs here teaching by example,
Copies of which I bore to Haut Canada as sample.
Chemistry, Medicine, Surgery, each allied science,
In such, published by Longmans we ever have affiance.
Knowledge in high perfectitude th' Illustrious House declares,
Commerce Navigation, and all of Mercantile affairs.
To my grand uncle, so well known, Sir William Follett, he
Gave works on Criticism, Philosophy, Polity,
The Fine Arts, welcome! and their Editions Illustrated,
Th' enlightened of our colony very much elated.
The Study of Language, of using others I'm chary
While I have here Dr. Latham's Johnson's Dictionary.

THE NEW TESTAMENT POEM.

The Forest floods of Canada I sailed long ago,
Accompanied with Sacred Art and Fra Angelico.
Il Perugino, dreading satire no more, takes his place
With those pre-eminent in COLOURING, DESIGN, and GRACE.
Leonardo da Vinci, thy Life in a transition
Epoch was my theme, *Expression*, DESIGN, COMPOSITION.
Francesco Francia (Raibolini) drop'd his gold
Trade, ever to be amongst th' sons of Highest Art enroll'd.
Great in original works, and too the mighty copyist,
L. Credi of Florence the rapt attention doth enlist.

And Fra Bartolomeo, who excelled, 'most past belief,
His great Master Raffaelle in colouring and relief.
Raffaelle Sanctius, Urbinas; truly the divine.
Lo! COMPOSITION, *Colouring*, EXPRESSION and DESIGN.
Nestor prince of artists, whom endless ages must adore.
Composition, DESIGN, COLOURING were thine Da Cadore;
And his rival, thought so once, Gaudenzio Milanese.
Volterra's soul shall wing new years o'er Time's lost lands and seas,
Poussin!—Gasper or John Dughet? Neither, but Nicholas
Of Normandy, whose glories those of conquerors surpass.
Angelo Guido, I brought of late from Lago Como,
A copy of your masterpiece (Rogers') Ecce Homo!
Never while I live on earth shall it leave my possession,
Reni pre-eminent in DESIGN as in EXPRESSION.
Il Bassano, his Daughters the Minstrel kens,
They who sat to him as Queens, Madonnas, and Magdalens.
Impetuous Pinturicchio, be thou high place assigned,
Who coloured with Natural beauty and much so well Designed,
Andrea Vanucchi Sarto, whose Pictures could o'er-awe
Invading warriors who nor regarded right nor law.
I need not wait for after times in hope of gaining heaven,
In soul-exploits of Art a foretaste to me is given
O, Orcagna Di Cione, painter and architect,
Who did for friend or foe, or Heaven or H——— select.
Through the Sacro istórico the Arts have found their home,
Mariotto Albertinelli, in Florence and Rome
And other Italian cities under many a sacred dome.
We hear of the three Caracci, but there were more than 3—
I've heard of 4, but "Who comes here?"—Annibale? ay' 'tis He!
I am inspired, my Helicon rolls an enchanted sea—
Maurer, Christopher hight, 'midst the cataracts of Gova
I studied his *Emblemata Miscellanea Nova*.
Sebastian Del Piombo, though once to music bred,
To th' other Fine Art of Painting his pilgrim footsteps sped;
His fame shall go for draperies, for figures, heads, and hands,
Far abroad to Time's last years, and Earth's remotest strands;
And as he painted Aretin, so in equal degree
May his spirit inspire some artist to do the same for me.
Soon again for th' resplendent host another lay I'll strike,
Embued with the COMPOSITION and COLOURING of Vandyck.
Have I mentioned F. Baroccio?—No—I believe I've not!
His sweetness and his grace by the Art muse are not forgot,
And though he may never have soar'd into sublimer state,
Better than low original, imitation of th' great.
That I had a copy of the Marvellous Testament
I dreamt, and that in meridian glory it with me went.

* * * * *

Through *Dolores Florida* flush to the 'raptured sight,
In the world's most famous Testament we have't in black and white.
Soon the Initial Letters, the Frames, and Border Framing,
The styles, the sources whence derived, I'll be after naming.
Nor yet I ween the Daughter of Mnemosyne forgets
Perfect gems! Marginal Ornaments, Medallions, Vignettes.
Thus on by Pallas led, the Muse of etern Art confers
The myrtle and the bay upon the Prince of Publishers.
Lo His Lectures on the History of England during
Certain years, full half the world to study is alluring,
First 18-59—Second in the next
Year, from these our Lecturers generally take their text.
The Third in '61—Fourth, '63—and Fifth in the same year,
These at least show some publishers' hearts are right—and senses clear,
Romantic period! as a flight of flags my ardour stirred,
Those 2 animating vols, Life and Times of Edward III.
Lecture on Switzerland, printed 1857
(July,) by great Stewart Derbishire to me were given.

* * * * *

RICHARD BENTLEY,

PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.
LONDON: NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

A New Muse ventur'd o'er the main, on purpose to confer
The Myrtle, and the Bay upon the Royal Publisher.
Even now under th' blissful burden doth Atlantic roll,
Hail, (The) Ingoldsby Legends, and Life of Cardinal Pole.
These, and The Fortunate Islands were th' very first I took,
With that, to me at least, very acceptable Book,
Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, by Dean Hook.
Curtius (not Quintus), but Ernest' History of Greece,
Guiccioli's Byron (now, Stowe Yankee Madame *cease!*)
Hail Andromache of Euripides. With Anecdotes
Of Animals our Argo on a sunset ocean floats.
Here Bentley's Favourite Novels, each with Illustrations,
O live, ye Bentley Ballads, nor heed the fall of nations.
Reverend Boutell, I know you well, our Age's Guiding Star,
I have your Brasses, which I took to ev'ning lands afar,
As, too, your Heraldry: Historical and Popular.
Many thanks to Professor Browne, I early did secure
His History of Roman Classical Literature.
Frank's Curiosities,—Elliott's Carolina Sports,
And now to Cradle Lands the minstrel ard'rous resorts.

With E. J. Wood I become at once th' rapt Horologist,
I, with fiery sky for banner, 'neath Dundonald enlist.
Women Artists of All Ages and Countries, met my ken,
And thro' the honor'd Mrs. Ellis, Mothers of Great Men.
Sinai Photographed, but must I readily confess,
Rev'rend Forster, to your inscribers in the Wilderness:
The one Primeval Language, eh, here you your object miss;
Are there not nations lost to fame, say, where is th' Atlantis,
Or if our Reverend Instructor will not admit of this,
Let him, with Stephens, or with me, thro' Guatimala stray,
See Ruins to which those by Nile are but of yesterday.
(Fairy region!) Giants and Dwarfs. Glum-Glum. I've seen how
Spiritless Yankees served the spirited Mrs. Greenhow.
(Moslem!) Harem Life in Egypt and by the Golden Horn.
I in Arctic Boat Voyage with Isaac T. Hayes am borne.
See o'er the Heavens Guillemin's spirit flush a rival morn,
In th' Italian and in type nomináto *pica*,
In French and nonpareil, too, I've the Life of St. Monica.
I Arundel's London read in Devon by the Torridge
As I had that, writ long before by Councillor Orridge.
Hail, Icelandic Legends (the style is beautifully pure),
Too, Mrs. Jameson's Essays, in Art and Literature.
Other fate than waited on Ossianic Filian,
Ye Parcæ pronounced on th' Emperor Maximilian.
Adam and the Adamite, I pass them not unheeding,
This work reminds me o' pious Dr. Dick's special pleading.
Truth illumined by science, theologians long assail'd,
But when at length like the day it over chaos prevail'd,
All at once each white choker'd pharisaical lubber,
To match began to stretch th' scriptural like india rubber.
Hush, Bard! or they'll say that your Pegasus hath got the bots;
Then we'll turn, and greet Mignet's Life of Mary Queen of Scots,
The much-abused cousin and the unregarded wife.
Miss Mitford's Recollections of a Literary Life.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall all know,—here in my native Tor
Rome's History I am perusing, Dr. Theodor.
Boyle's Ride Across a Continent. My Adventures Afloat—
Semmes renown'd. Stebbing's Italian Poets (of th' greater note)
(M.) Thiers' History, and, through Timbs, many an Anecdote.
Shall "tradition's voluble' transmitting tongue" tell any
Future age o' greater marvel than Bentley's Miscellany.
Lo, in the mental horizon, ye periodic star
By mortals in terrestrial orb yclepd Temple Bar.
Bard, with your Pegasus now descend, and very gently—
Ay, very far thou hast gone abroad with Richard Bentley.

THE IRON POEM.

HENRY BESSEMER.

Gold Medal, Paris 1867. And over 100 Prizes of various kinds.
(Patents in every civilised country.)

INSCRIBED TO THE

EARL DUDLEY, EARL GRANVILLE,
EARL OF LICHFIELD, SIR JOHN BROWN.

IRON! what art thou? Ask the artistic bard;
Of metals th' most abundant, useful, hard.
Thee might well the enlighten'd nations prize,
For thou hast done much more to civilize
The world, and lift our country to renown,
Than any other metal to us known,
Look o'er the globe! who was't their freedom sold,
Those wretched races, in desire for gold,
Who was the presiding Genius o' the main?
Who held the Western World? was it not Spain?
What was she once? what do we now behold?
A coward nation, sunk thro' lust of Gold:
But courage, honour, and faith environ
Th' race of giant minds that keep to Iron.
Oh, well we know what Iron doth impart;
'Tis God's Spirit breath'd into every art.
Mightiest painters now enthron'd on high,
The suns and systems of our moral sky,
'With Iron oxides, pigments do supply.
In chemistry thy combinations vast
Into the shade all other metals cast;
Nor in the mineral kingdom can we find
One like thee to string the nerves, expand th' mind.
Lo! Electricity, which fills the whole
Creation round as with a living soul.
In Magnetism, too, and such as these,
We traverse rolling orbs and flying seas,
Yea, all that I here name or trace,
And millions more, from Iron Spring.
Of Iron, and our Iron race,
I yet in lengthened strain will sing.

I will not admit anything connected with the liquor traffic into the Londoniad, and no Patent Medicines, no Art Treasures from Pawnbrokers, no "Notices of the Press." Trade Marks, when of suitable size, I will admit with pleasure, but other illustrations I rather object to, because I have bound myself to size and weight in regard to this work, so that each edition might be made to appear as uniformly as may be, and EACH COPY TO GO BY POST FOR A PENNY STAMP. Moreover, I have caused a great deal of small type to be used in this the 3rd-16th. No shoppy man, however extensive his affairs may be, will be admitted therein. No Knights of ye yard-stick, nor Barons de Chemisetts. No Company or Association of a merely speculative character. I can only admit one in each line.

At the conclusion of the present Londoniad, I may say, with Cardinal Wolsey—

"I feel my heart new open'd."

I cannot say, at this moment, how many editions thereof, in all their varieties, have been published; but on rallying my memory I find them to be at least fifty. This is the third 16th of the name. I had written over five hundred poems for the present Edition, but I found that some names mentioned in the articles thus prepared were not those of manufacturers, and many were otherwise objectionable. I will, however, adapt them (divested of the personal) in the projected National Poem on the Arts. I have beside three more Editions—that is to say, the 4th, 5th, and 6th 16th Londoniads—now ready, which, but for the horror of correcting the proofs, had been published simultaneously with that Edition which here and now I lay before you.*

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares more is none."—*Macbeth.*

Beside those above-mentioned, I have Eight Hundred Articles ready for prospective Editions, of which I may remark as of the current work; it would not be fair to say that they contain better names than any Londoniad hitherto published, for greater men never lived in England in one age than those whose names appear in former Londoniads, and whose signatures (which you have all seen) are upon my list; and if I had not then, if I have not now, and if I may not have, greater names wherewith to adorn this the first work of its kind ever published, it is because there have not been, and there are not, and there may not be, greater in existence. Some gentleman might say, with Squire What-de-ye-call-em, "If I were you, Mr. Lidstone, I'd make the Card-Poems very much shorter, and put all that you have hitherto written into one Londoniad" (!). To this I reply as

"The great Emathian Conqueror——"

did to his general, *So would I, were I Parmenio.* Incorpórco eloquénza inspiráre! a simile, nuvolóso it may be, is now looming in the horizon; in whatever region or regions may be residing the heroes of the next Londoniad, I cannot but feel at this present something of the antipodal in destíno; for, surrounded as I am by the intellectual glory of a living age, vouchsafed to me next to Heaven by those Spirits (Immortal now), whose names the Muses have here revealed, I feel as if I, and those aerial attendants, were going *into*, so unlike "Our first Parents" going *out* of, Paradise, when

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

---

* I have so worked the oracle since dictating the above, that the Editions spoken of will be all delivered at the same time.

NAMES WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN THE LONDONIADS.

AGRICULTURAL.
Walter A. Wood

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.
Frederick Walters

APIARIAN.
Neighbour & Sons

ARCHÆOLOGISTS.
A. H. Layard
Beresford-Hope

ANCHORS.
Lieut. Rodger, R.N.

ARTISTS.
Sir C. Eastlake
Sir E. Landseer

ART TREASURES.
Marquis of Lansdowne
Marquis of Hertford
J. T. S. Lidstone, Author of the Londoniad

ARCHITECTS.
Gilbert Scott, Sir C. Barry, Professor Cockerell

ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTOR.
John Thomas

AUTHORS.
Upwards of 100 in the 10th Londoniad

ARMY & NAVY.
Earl Dundonald
Sir C. Napier
Sir W. F. Williams (Kars)
Duke of Cambridge

ARCHERY.
Thos. Aldred

ASSAYERS.
Johnson, Matthey & Co.

ASTRONOMER.
Earl Rosse

BATHS.
Dr. Caplin

☞ *Continued on the Cover.*

NAMES WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN THE LONDONIADS—(continued).

BATH CHAIRS.
John Ward

BANKS.
London & Westminster
Bank of England

BASKETS.
William Morris

BEDS.
Dr. Arnott, (Queen's Physician)
J. Alderman

BOOKBINDERS.
R. Riviere
Francis Bedford
A. W. Bain

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Gundry & Sons
(Queen's Makers)

BLEACHER.
Jonathan Richardson, M.P. for Lisburn

BRUSHES.
Childs

BRASS.
John Warner & Sons (Royal House)

BRICKS.
Henry Clayton

BRONZE & ORMOLU.
J. Hatfield

BELLS.
C. & G. Mears (Church)
Mr. Drury (Chimes)
J. Sax (Electric)

BUILDERS.
William Lawrence & Sons

BUILDING MATERIALS.
Rosher and Co.

CARVER.
W. G. Rogers

CARPETS.
Crossleys
Wm. Wood, M.P. for Pontefract

CANNONS.
Whitworth, Armstrong

CEMENT.
Hilton, Anderson & Co. 3rd. 16th.

CHASER & EMBOSSER.
John Penny

CHEMISTRY.
Professor Faraday

CHAINS AND TRACES.
George Scammell

CHANDELIERS.
John Hunt & Co., Hope Works
Charles J. Phillp [High Art]

CLOTH
Donald Nicol, M.P. for Frome

COLONISTS.
Eminent nearly 3000

COPPER.
Edward Midwinter, & Co.

COOKING APPARATUS.
Mr T. K. Grant.

COTTON AND LINEN.
Alderman Kershaw, M.P. for Stockport

COACHBUILDERS.
1, 3, 4, 8, 9, 11 Londoniads

CONFECTIONERS.
Mr. Gunter

CRICKETING ARTICLES.
John Wisden and Co.

CRUCIBLES.
Morgan Bros.

DAIRY UTENSILS.
L. Burnard

DECORATOR.
Owen Jones, Charles [illegible]kker

DEER BUFF AND CHAMOIS.
Winter and Masters

DENTISTS MATERIALS.
Smale Brothers

DRAUGHTSMAN.
Henry Smith

DRESSING-CASE AND DESPATCH-BOX.
P. & F. Schafer

DOOR FURNITURE.
Washington Works.

DRY GAS METER.
Croll, Rait & Co.

DYER.
J. G. Appold

ECCLESIASTICS.
Archbishop Canterbury
Cardinal Wiseman
Bishop of Toronto, London, Oxford, and Manchester
Archdeacon Stuart
Archdeacon Sandford
Rev. Dr. Mc Caul
Rev. Lachlan Taylor

ELECTRO-PLATERS.
Mayor, Edwin Yates
Thos. Fearn (Originator)

EMINENT WOMEN.
Over 160 in the 10th Londoniad

ENGINEERS.
Robert Stephenson
John Penn and Son
Maudsley

FLAGS.
Mills and Bothwick, 3rd 16th

FELT.
Croggon

FIRE EXTINGUISHER.
Earl of Essex (Messrs Owens)

FINANCE.
J. T. S. Lidstone, author of the Londoniad
Alderman Salomons
Sir A. T. Galt

FILTERS.
Spencer's

FLOOR CLOTH.
Nairn & Co.

FURNITURE.
Jacques and Hay

FUR.
Sir George Simpson

GEOLOGY.
Sir William Logan
Sir R. I. Murchison
Waterhouse Hawkins
Professor Phillips

GLOBES.
J. L. [illegible] (G. R. Adam

GLUE & SIZE.
Benjamin Young and Co.

GOLD CHAINS AND GOLDSMITHS.
Ex-Mayor Mantan [Merton & Mole] & 1, 3, New 8th Londoniad

GOLD AND SILVER PLATE (HIGH ART)
J. T. S. Lidstone, author of the Londoniad

GLASS.
Apsley Pellatt

GLOVES.
Dent and Allcroft

HOSIERY.
I. & R. Morley

HATS & HELMETS.
J. Ellwood and Sons

HOROLOGY.
Charles Frodsham

HORTICULTURAL.
Sir Joseph Paxton

HOT WATER APPARATUS
J. L. Bacon and Co.

IRON & STEEL.
Henry Bessemer
Sir Joseph Bailey
Earle Dudley, [illegible]r and Litchfield
Sir John Brown

IRONMONGERS.
Latchford (Saddlers') 3rd 16th.
Harper, King and Co. (Builders') 3rd 16th

JEWELLERS.
Messrs. Phillips.
Alderman Aston

JAPANNERS.
Griffiths & Browett

LACE & FRINGE.
Thomas Paternoster

LITHOGRAPHER.
Vincent Brooks

LEATHER.
James Beaty, Member for Toronto

LIFE BOAT.
Duke of Northumberland

LIGHTHOUSES.
14th Londoniad

LOCKS.
Mr. Hobbs, E. Cotterill

MAGIC.
W. S. Norris

MANURE.
John Newton

MARBLE, MARESNO.
E. Lloyd, Cox and Wood

The QUEEN, per Col. Phipps.
Emperor NAPOLEON III.
Emperor and Empress of BRAZIL.
LOUIS King of Bavaria.
King & Queen of Hanover.
Late Governor-General of Canada.

H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT, per Maj.-Gn. Gray
LEOPOLD, King of the BELGIANS.
King & Queen of GREECE
King of SAXONY.
Late Governor-General of India.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,

Names continued from Last Page.

MEDALLISTS.
B. Wyon [dec.]
Joseph Moore

MEDIÆVAL
Mr. Ruskin

METALL[illegible]AL.
C. F. J. Zo[illegible]

MILLWR[illegible]
Easton & Am[illegible]

MILL-[illegible]
G. & D. Hum[illegible]

MINT MAC[illegible]Y.
Joseph Taylor

MICRO[illegible]
Thomas Wood

MUSIC.
Broadwood [Pianofortes]
Erard [Harps]
Clinton [Flutes]
Köhler & Son [Mitry Sns]
Henry Distin Do.
Bevington, Gray & Davison [Church Organs]

NATURAL HISTORY.
Mr. Keilich (Mr. Nicholay's Artist), Leadbeater, Hudson Bay Co.

NAUTICAL.
John Tilley and Son

ORTHOPÆDIC.
F. R. Gustav Ernst

OPTICIANS.
Sir D. Brewster

PAINT, ANTICORROSION.
Walter Carson and Sons

PERFUMERS.
Piesse and Lubin

PEARL, IVORY, &C.
T. Padmore & Son

PLUMBERS
Stock, Brothers & Taylor

PAPIER MACHÉ.
John Bettridge and Co.

PARQUETRY.
W. H. Davies and Co.

PENS & PENCILS.
Good, Gillott, M. Tu[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Gush and Ferguson

PISTOLS.
John Adams Co. 3rd 16th

POST OFFICE.
Sir Rowland Hill
Hon. Malcolm Cameron

POTTERS.
Nearly 100 in 13th Londoniad

PRINTERS.
Mc Queen, [Steel Plate]
Bradbury Wilkinson, and Co. (Bank Note).
Stewart Derbishire, Esq., Ex-Member for Ottawa. Queen's Pr[illegible]r, Letterpress.

PRINTING PRESSES.
Conisbee
Dryden and Co.

PUBLISHERS.
Moxon, Murray, Longmans, Depeby Tegg, James Hogg and Son, Houlston & Sons, Groombridge and Sons, Richard Bentley, William Macintosh, R. and A. Suttaby, Bemrose and Sons.

PYROTECHNY.
G. Randle.

RAILWAY.
I. H. Brunel
Henry Pease
Earl Caithness

REFLECTORS.
Thomas Fox

ROPE, TWINE, CANVASS, &c.
George Hewitson
Hunt, Elliott & Co.

SANITARY.
Thomas Lambert & Son
Sheriff Ruttan

SADDLERY.
S. Blackwell

SASHES, SILK AND MILITARY.
John Rawson

SLATE.
George F. North

SCULPTORS.
J. H. Foley, J. Gibson [Rome], F. Mc Dowell, J. Thomas (architectural)

SCAGLIOLA.
Ivey and Bellman

SCALES.
Oertling, [Scientific]
[illegible]rt and Son, [Platform]
[illegible]ayor Avery, [Domestic]

SHEDSMEN.
Hurst & Son, 3rd 16th

SHAWLS.
Kerr and Scott

SHIP BUILDERS.
Robert Napier
Charles Lungley

SHOP FITTERS, MEDICAL & GENERAL.
W. Hawke and Son

SILKS, VELVET.
Kemp and Son
Kemp, Stone and Co.
Vanner
Walters and Sons
Norris & Co.

STAINED GLASS.
Lavers and Barraud

STEREOTYPERS.
J. & B. Dellagana

STEEL WORKS.
Richard Timmins and Son

SUR. INSTRUMENTS.
Wm. F. Durroch.

TELEGRAPH.
Brett, Henley, Reid & Co.

TERRA COTTA.
Blashfield

TOOLS.
Mr. Thomas

TIMBER.
Hon. Jas. Skead

TIN & IRON WARE.
Joseph Spokes

TURNER.
R. N. Cattle

TYPE-FOUNDERS.
Caslon & Co.
Sheriff Figgins

VALVES.
Perreaux & Co.

VETERINARY.
Professor Spooner
Thomas Aitken Dollar

VICEROYS.
Earl of Carlisle
Viscount Canning
Sir Edmund Head

VOLUTORS.
H. Johnson, Esq.

WARMING AND VENTILATING.
Gurney

WINDOW-BLINDS.
Canada Works

WIRE.
Glass Elliot & Co. [Atlantic Telegraph]
Newall
Councillor Cornforth

ZINC.
J. W. Tyler. [Devaux]

Of all those who have appeared in the Londoniad, comparatively few names only, and a still lesser number of departments represented by them, are mentioned, yet here they are, many of them the greatest in their line that ever the world produced. Three Editions are [illegible]geing through the Press, besides a French and German translation.